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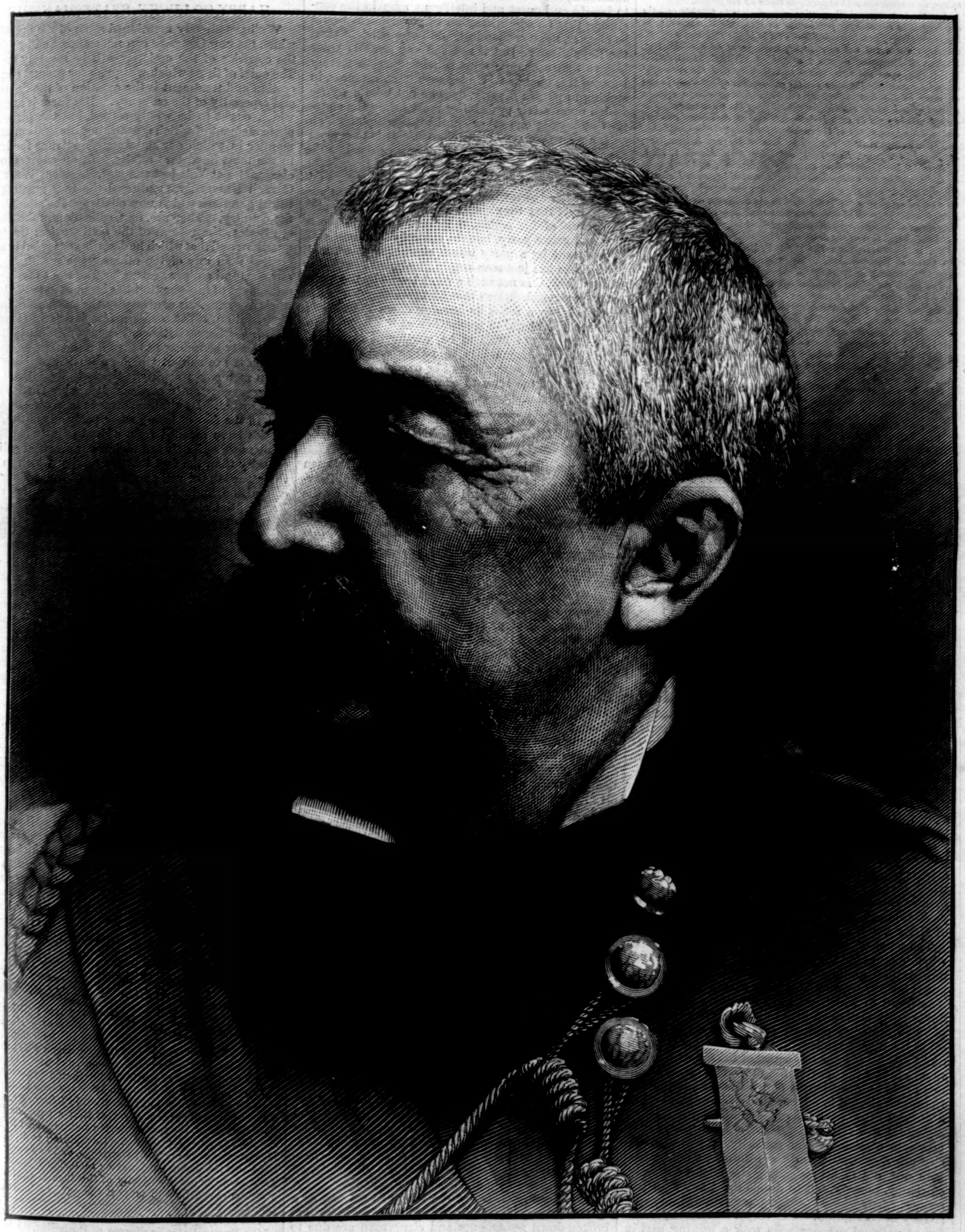


LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, U.S.A.—[See Page 714.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1*st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

THE result of the election will be known when this paper is issued. But whatever the result may be, it is not too soon to say that the closing incidents of the canvass in the city of New York were very significant, and should be carefully heeded. There are many voters in the country, undoubtedly, who feel that the Republican party has held power too long, and that a change is desirable. The conviction which underlies this feeling is that a party which has been long dominant becomes careless and corrupt, and incapable of reform, and that mere change is a benefit, without regard to the principles or character of the party that succeeds to power. This position, however, is evidently unreasonable and indefensible. It is a good enough party cry to say that change for the sake of change is necessary, but intelligent Americans have no moral right to act upon such a cry. Voting is a trust which is to be exercised for the public welfare upon a fair survey of the situation. It is not a card to be turned up for luck. It is to intelligent voters who are able to give a good reason for their action that the destiny of the country is confided, and not to those who pride themselves upon never scratching, nor kicking, nor bolting, and upon always voting the straight ticket, whether bearing unworthy names or nominated by fraud. There is no greater treason to free institutions than this kind of pusillanimous slavery, of which there is always a host of victims.

The voter of another kind is bound to understand what "change" in the party control of the national administration would mean, and he could have no more powerful "eye-opener" than the events in the city of New York to which we have alluded. The Democratic party is divided here into three factions. One of them professes peculiar purity and decency; another is a mere organization for the plunder of place; and the third is a smaller squad of the same kind. A month before the election the professors of pure politics made an open bargain with the plundering factions, and divided in advance the spoils of place. But a quarrel arose over the division as to persons, and a general row followed. There was no pretense of principle whatever. The majority of voters in the city are Democratic, and the sole object of the bargain was, not to insure good government, economy, efficiency, honesty, but to divide the "swag" of patronage. The whole business was an unblushing conspiracy of corruption. The very Democratic professors of political decency who took a leading part in the trade had previously withdrawn from the other side as political swindlers.

This bargain, the purely partisan Democratic campaign against Mayor LOW in Brooklyn, and the Democratic support of BUTLER in Massachusetts, show precisely what is the spirit of the party to which change for the sake of change would commit the country and the government. Is any intelligent and honorable voter morally justified in promoting such a change? Granting the offenses of the Republican party, yet, considering its recent action and that of the Democratic party, can any such voter truly say that the chances of good government are greater with the latter than with the former? Is there one wise and beneficent measure which the intelligent opinion of the country approves that is more likely to be adopted under Democratic than under Republican ascendency? Is the general tradition of the Democratic party, or the character of its adherents, or its conduct where it is in power, such as to justify an honest and intelligent man in the conclusion that its administration of government would be cleaner, more economical, and more efficient than the Republican? But if not, can any sensible voter believe that a change must be advantageous merely because it is change? Under such circumstances, in seeking to punish a party, does he not take a course which upon a fair probability must injure the country? There is one other consideration upon which such a man may vote for a change. It is to compel a reorganization of parties by defeating the Republican party. But he would find that the Democrats upon whom he might count to join a new party would not leave their own when it is successful, because they would hold that they could control it to good ends. The result of his action, therefore, would not be a new and better party, but the control of the national government by a party whose character, spirit, and methods he has just seen amply illustrated in the city of New York. Is not such a voter bound by the highest public considerations to reflect carefully before he seeks to clean a room by burning down the house? He is no less bound to recognize that the Republican party has proved itself to be worthy of continued power by its amenability to public opinion. The election of next year will not be carried by a hurra, and it is not too soon to consider the comparative claims of parties.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE practical result of the interviews between Mayor EDSON of New York and the State Civil Service Commission is awaited with great interest by the friends of reform. In his few admirable remarks at the first meeting with the Mayor, Mr. JAY, the President of the Commission, opened the matter with tact and discrimination. He stated in general the scope of the bill, pointing out that in the cities to which it refers the authority to initiate reform is confided exclusively to the Mayor, and that the State Commission could be only an adviser. He added that the great necessity of proceeding with caution, because of the novelty of the work, was enhanced by the fact that the bill was the act of both parties. Fortunately this fact also commends it more warmly to the sympathy and co-operation of all good citizens. The same united purpose that produced the bill can secure its effective enforcement.

There was one consideration urged by Mr. Jay that sometimes escapes attention. In speaking of the effect upon the country of the adoption of the reformed system he said that it would be "hailed alike by fathers and sons as opening the civil service equally to all citizens, with neither exclusion nor prejudice for political or religious opinion, and that the equal right of competing for place in the civil service as the rightful prize of the best man or the best woman, in a fair field with no favor, will give a new stimulus to our public schools, to which the American people hold as the surest safeguard of the republic, in developing moral and intellectual excellence, habits of industry, and thoroughness of training." This is one of the aspects of the reform which is very significant. The theory of our political system is that the discharge of public duties in general requires no technical training, and that the graduate of the common school has had the opportunity of obtaining the education which is necessary for public employment. This is not an assertion that there are not many positions which demand especial knowledge, but that the great multitude of clerical and similar employments demand only a good common-school education. This has never been forgotten in any scheme for the practical application of the reformed system. The examinations of 1872, and those more recently during the HAYES administration, at the Custom-house and Post-office in New York, those already instituted by the National Commission, and those proposed by Mayor LOW and suggested by the New York State Commission, are—except for certain expert places—based upon the instruction of the common schools.

The amusing sneers at the reformed scheme as a system to provide places for college graduates and broken-down pedagogues and clergyman are due to ignorance and malice. The easiest way for the bosses and their satellites and organs to ridicule a sensible method of appointment in the public service is to say that a man must be versed in logarithms or master of the calculus in order to obtain the post of night-watchman or day-messenger. Such a sneer may excite a little prejudice, and so fulfill its object. But in fact, as Mr. JAY points out, the reformed method stimulates every pupil in the common school, by showing him the connection between diligence in his studies and honorable employment. The familiar remark that the worst thing which can happen to a young man is to get into a public office is founded upon the old system, where appointment, promotion, and retention in the public service depend, not upon merit and efficiency, but upon the personal favor of politicians. Mayor EDSON will be wisely advised by the State Commission, and his request for their co-operation is a proof of his sincere interest and his good faith.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY STATESMANSHIP.

WE have already mentioned some of the questions which the new Congress can not escape, and by which the capacity of the majority will be severely tested. The chief of those which will press for prompt consideration and treatment is the question of the finances, and especially of the currency. But there is another which ought to be wisely settled, but the perpetual postponement of which is a striking illustration of the manner in which our statesmanship "runs for luck" in the most important affairs. In an address to his class-mates at Yale last summer, President WHITE, of Cornell University, mentioned the four greatest political questions which now challenge the attention of the country. They are, first, education in the Southern States; the reform of the civil service; the tariff question; and that which he describes as probably more critical than any of the others, "the rectification of our electoral college system." The want of a proper settlement of this question has brought us to the brink of civil war. It is confessedly the weak point in our Constitution. Yet, while a few jurists in Congress sometimes discuss it, the nation, says President WHITE, can hardly be induced to give it a thought.

This is the subject which an intelligent body of a dozen men could readily and wisely treat, but which Congress constantly evades. It has been exhaustively discussed. Its vital importance has been admitted. But, in the fear of losing some party advantage, both parties have recoiled from a final adjustment. Nothing more seriously impeaches our practical political capacity than the fact that a situation which in 1877 threatened the country with the most tremendous civil convulsion, and which is very likely to recur at every Presidential election, yet which is a simple question of procedure, remains untouched, and is as likely to plunge the country into civil war in 1884–5 as it was to produce the same calamity six years ago.

The happy-go-lucky folly which avoids the question is even surpassed by that of the inane assertion that there is no question. "They can't put you in the stocks for doing that," said a sympathizing friend to his "pal." "Can't they?" replied the culprit; "well, they have done it." "There is no question whatever," said the wiseacres in 1876–7, "if you only take our view." There are men and newspapers that still reproach Mr. TILDEN for not taking the seat to which they allege that he was elected, when the whole question turned upon the interpretation of the constitutional method of legally ascertaining and declaring the election. The necessity of a reasonable provision upon the subject is too plain for discussion. The only misfortune is that the party majority in the two Houses is not the same. But the provisions of the EDMUNDS plan do not favor either party, and it is exceedingly discreditable to the Republican party that, with its control of the last Congress, it permitted this question to lie unsettled. The Democrats, it is believed, and by ardent Republican politicians it is hoped, will destroy their chances for success next year by a series of blunders at the coming session. They could do their party no better service than by adjusting this dangerous question, for they have to fear nothing more in the contest of next year than the general and deep distrust of their capacity for practical and beneficent legislation.

A SIGNIFICANT ATTACK.

THERE was one incident during the late political campaign in New York which is very significant. The Republican candidate for the State Senate in the Tompkins district was Mr. EDWARD S. ESTY, a gentleman who has taken especial interest in the public schools, and who, in his warm desire to advance education, contributed $10,000 toward the erection of a high school in Ithaca, where he lives. As President of the Board of Education in Ithaca, Mr. ESTY, in a recent report, expressed regret that a parochial Roman Catholic school, the first sectarian public school in Ithaca, should have been proposed. In alluding to it, however, his remarks were perfectly courteous, and he expressed the hope that, as denominational or sectarian schools are un-American, the great majority of the Roman Catholic citizens would continue to support the public schools as heretofore.

Two or three weeks before the election, Bishop MCQUAID, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester, we believe, a well-known opponent of the public-school system of the State, delivered an address at the laying of the corner-stone of the parochial school, in which he denounced the public schools and attacked Mr. ESTY personally, and with

great bitterness. The attack was, of course, intended to injure Mr. ESTY in the pending election, and was an ecclesiastical interference with elections which is happily very unusual in this country. If, however, it should become common, if clergymen as clergymen should engage during election contests in opposing and advocating candidates upon sectarian grounds, the violence of old religious disputes would be aroused, and the situation would soon become intolerable. Bishop MCQUAID, as a citizen of New York, ought to remember that to introduce sectarian controversies into political debates, however artfully it may be done, is wantonly to promote public disturbance, and to invite the severe condemnation of all intelligent and patriotic citizens.

There is but one plea to be urged for such a course, and that is that the man who takes it is convinced that religious differences should be submitted to party judgment at the polls. This opinion, honestly held, would acquit a man of insincerity, while it would convict him of incredible want of common-sense and common humanity, and an absolute infidelity to the fundamental American principle of civil and religious liberty. In provoking such a debate as this question involves, Bishop MCQUAID seems to us to show neither sagacity as an ecclesiastic nor patriotism as a citizen.

HENRY IRVING.

THERE was no doubt of the impression produced by Mr. HENRY IRVING upon his first appearance in this country. It was that of a consummate master of his art, of a trained and resolute ability to overcome even natural obstacles, and to extort an almost protesting admiration. That the effect of his acting was very great is undeniable, and it was the more striking that it was achieved in a melodrama of accumulating horrors in which the whole weight and interest are sustained by himself.

It is, indeed, always fair to assume that a man does not rise to the chief position in his profession without unusual gifts. There may be characteristics and qualities which are not universally acceptable, but there must be a commanding force which is undeniable. This is especially true of the theatre, because the canons of criticism upon acting are undefined. As with oratory, the most simple and colloquial style and the most elaborate and artificial are vindicated by the genius of the actor.

In the affluence and perfection of the stage machinery, and all the accessories and appointments, Mr. IRVING'S drama will suggest WAGNER'S operas. His idea of proper histrionic effect is an *ensemble*. Acting is largely a realistic art, and when the interpreter transfers the arena from a reading-desk to the stage, he invokes new conditions, the reason and force of which he must thoroughly master. In a hall, seated at a table, Mrs. KEMBLE, by modulation of voice and subtle suggestion of mimicry, may summon the persons of *As You Like It*. But if the drama is to be represented, the forest of Arden must be seen by something else than the mind's eye. This principle, carried out fully and logically, is the principle of Mr. IRVING, the scene, however, dominated always by an imperious and adequate personality. Every one must wish well to such artistic skill, fidelity, and comprehension.

LORD LORNE LEAVES CANADA.

LORD LORNE and the Princess LOUISE have gone from Canada, and are probably heartily glad that their exile is over. The Princess has evidently never liked Canada, and the unfortunate accident which befell her there two years ago can not have propitiated her regard. The appointment was a piece of the BEACONSFIELD pyrotechnical statesmanship, the tawdry sensationalism of which intelligent Englishmen who then thought DISRAELI so "deuced clever" must be now a little ashamed.

If Lord LORNE had not been a quiet and sensible gentleman, who was content to fill a perfunctory place as head of the government, but had conducted himself in the BEACONSFIELD spirit and fashion, he might have made a great deal of mischief. "Showy" and "dashing" and "brilliant" statesmanship, especially when undertaken for personal or party aggrandizement, is dangerous statesmanship. BEACONSFIELD was praised as the savior of British prestige. But much of his work is already undone. England under BEACONSFIELD is already like a story of John Bull in the hands of CAGLIOSTRO, and the contemporary caricatures in *Punch* throughout his long career are still the shrewdest and best comments upon the clever politician.

Lord LORNE has been apparently a satisfactory Governor, and leaves with the good wishes of Canada. But doubtless the country would prefer that the old way be followed hereafter, and that the experiment of royalty in the province be not tried again. It may be true, as BEACONSFIELD believed, that Englishmen in the provinces like to be humbugged, but the particular humbug of a second-hand royalty they have certainly outgrown.

RATS *VERSUS* THE CAT.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a Democratic paper in Ohio, has bitterly opposed Mr. PENDLETON for his advocacy of administrative reform, and objects to the expense of the Commission as adding to the public burdens. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, a Republican paper in New York, attacks the Democratic party in this State for entailing a similar expense upon the tax-payers. As a shrewd critic well says, the rats object to the master's feeding a cat.

A little reflection would show the *Eagle* that the necessary tendency of the spoils system is to the multiplication of offices and emoluments. GARFIELD pointed this out, and the records of the service are full of the proof. A committee of experts reported that in some divisions of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington, the force was sometimes twice and sometimes three times as large as was necessary, and they recommended that half of the whole force employed should be dismissed, not evading the plain conclusion that the extravagance was due to the system of appointment by political favoritism. The JAY commission of inquiry at the Custom-house in New York recommended that one-fifth of the persons employed be dismissed. Their view of the cause of the situation was the same.

The money paid to the physician by a hard-working man is not wasted. It is returned to him and his family a hundredfold. The small expense to the public Treasury of the State Commission will be returned in the same way. Republicans may honestly hold that as a reform party the Democratic is less promising than the Republican; but to attack it for passing the reform bill in New York, and the Democratic Governor for signing it, is to imply that Republican arguments or Republican wits were exhausted.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

A CAREFUL and detailed account of the political situation in Maryland will be found upon another page, written by a person who is thoroughly familiar with the secret and dark ways of Democratic politics in that State. Maryland has been so long held firmly in the Democratic vise that it is well to study this article, and to reflect that this is the kind of domination to which that party hopes to subject the country.

Wherever an effort is made within the Democratic party to change this system, it is speedily crushed. In Ohio the mere identification of his name with reform has fatally injured Mr. PENDLETON with his party. In New York the party depends for success upon the favor of JOHN KELLY. In Massachusetts its effort of a few years since for reform ended in the supreme dictatorship of BUTLER. In Maryland Governor HAMILTON has been ostracized because he ventured to denounce Democratic dishonesty.

The article is an interesting and valuable chapter in current political history.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON NUMBERS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is a man whose words are worth heeding. In the highest sense he is a critic, a man who looks at human society with shrewd insight and sympathy, and with great familiarity with human experience and thought as recorded in literature. The disposition to "nag" such a man because he has said some things about this country which are not agreeable, and which were said abstractly and without personal observation, is amusing, but not especially creditable. It is a sign of that peculiar sensitiveness which was so indignant with Mrs. TROLLOPE that it went far to justify her taunts.

Mr. ARNOLD'S lecture upon Numbers was a plea for the toleration of the minority, and against the doctrine that the majority, as a majority, must be right. The rule of the majority is a convenient and necessary device, as an alternative of brute force. When argument is exhausted, and a decision must be made, the majority shows simply the preponderance, not the correctness, of opinion, and it may often appear that the majority decided wrong.

There is no magic, but a possibly dangerous deception, in numbers. This Mr. ARNOLD pointed out with that clearness and charm of style and richness of illustration which belong to him. His word, indeed, was as friendly, and of much the same import, as that of Lord COLERIDGE at the Academy of Music. Size is not in itself a virtue, said the Chief Justice. Numbers are not inspired, said Mr. ARNOLD. Doubtless Mr. ARNOLD'S experience at Chickering Hall, which is a much larger room than those to which he is accustomed, will show him the necessity of a louder tone, for no hearer would willingly miss any part of the discourse of one of the great living masters of the English language.

PERSONAL.

THE present rage for yellow gowns and other yellow articles of dress leads an esteemed correspondent of this journal to observe that ladies who are indulging in the craze might remember that the women whom RUBENS and other masters have given to the world in yellow gowns and yellow locks do not change their complexions. Everything is permanent in those fine old portraits; once in harmony with its surroundings, a face is always in harmony. But a living woman's complexion is of various shades at various times, and sometimes does not harmonize at all with fashionable Mandarin yellow.

—An accomplished woman, whose earlier life was spent as a missionary in Africa, tells this story: "A Zulu chief, with six or eight wives, was invited to embrace Christianity. After ascertaining the range of Christian precepts to the extent of his ability, he asked if the Bible expressly asserted that a man should have but one wife. The missionary was compelled to confess that his sacred book did not contain any injunction in so many words, adding, however, that Christians practiced monogamy for very good reasons of their own. "I think they are right," replied the tawny son of Africa; "it makes more peace in a house to have only one wife." His conversion to Christianity was soon announced.

—Some Oxford dons were discussing the sex of George Fleming, author of the novel *Kismet*, and step-daughter of Mr. EUGENE BENSON, of Rome. They decided that certain passages in that work could have been written only by a man, and, in order to be confirmed in their opinion, they sent an invitation to dinner to the writer through her publishers. At the appointed time she floated into the room, a sweet and charming vision in claret silk and luxuriant blonde tresses.

—A distinguished editor and author of this city remarked the other day that last winter he never spent a single evening at any social gathering or place of amusement outside of his own house. He was too busy, and most nights he worked in his library till two o'clock in the morning.

—After achieving the incomparable success that attended his first appearance in this country, Mr. HENRY IRVING is not likely to reduce himself to commonplaceness by heeding the injunctions of those omniscient critics who affect to despise what they call his idiosyncrasies. It is melancholy to consider what an actor of his singularly ripened genius would become should he put himself through a course of newspaper dramatic training.

—A New York merchant relates an incident concerning the last hours of MARGARET FULLER, who perished at sea, not far from Fire Island. His summer residence at that time was on the Long Island shore, and after the wreck of the ill-fated vessel, a passenger who had been washed ashore said: "The last I saw of MARGARET FULLER she was standing on the deck just before the ship went down, her baby in her arms, her husband at her side, and her hand upon the head of a beautiful Italian girl, who, kneeling beside her, bemoaned the cruel fate that was to prevent her from being buried in consecrated ground. 'But,' said MARGARET FULLER, 'you believe in prayer; say your prayers, and everything will come right.'" A few hours after hearing the incident, the merchant instituted a search for the body of the Italian girl, and found it wrapped in sea-weed, the right hand grasping firmly the beads that she had piously counted. He caused her to be buried with the ceremonies of her Church, in a plot of land specially set apart for the purpose, and MARGARET FULLER'S prediction was fulfilled.

—Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., agrees with JOHN WESLEY that an idle Church is a dishonorable Church, and does not believe "in resting merely upon the doings of the pulpit, for the world would thus never be converted. I rather look for a large accession of the lay element, particularly of woman's service in its unobtrusive yet powerful form."

—One of the charming features of the Christmas HARPER'S will be a Christmas poem, "The Kingdom of the Child," by Mrs. FRANCES L. MACE, to which Mrs. JESSIE C. SHEPHERD adds one of her delightful pictures of children. Mrs. MACE, who lives in Portland, Maine, is not widely known as a poet because she has published no volume of verse; but she has contributed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE within the last few years several poems which reach a very high mark.

—It is said to be very noticeable how the politics of the poor who have any politics at all consist of ideas bearing on the practicability of getting at the wealth of "the upper classes." The first glimmering of political interest among thousands of people takes just this form of rapacious greed.

—In Southern Russia, when a cow dies of the plague, its owner is compelled under heavy penalties to take the dead animal to a public crematory, together with the refuse and fodder of the infected stable. Both the cattle plague and diphtheria are permanently established in that country.

—The Vegetarian Society, which consists of men who eschew meat, has issued from Manchester its thirty-sixth annual address, in which it sends hearty greetings and warmest thanks to all parts of the globe where vegetarians are assembled. "We can say that we make progress. We are advancing on the whole line."

—The annual "lion sermon" was preached in a London church on the 16th of October. The service originated two hundred and fifty years ago, when the Lord Mayor was suddenly confronted by a lion while travelling in the East. Being unarmed, the distinguished civilian fell upon his knees and prayed for deliverance; whereupon the beast eyed him calmly, and left him peaceably. The Lord Mayor resolved to commemorate his escape by bequeathing a sum of money for such an annual service, and this year the preacher's text was: "The lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

—The Paris burglar is said to prefer music to the drama, and often to be a member of the *claque* at opéra bouffe, sometimes being able to whistle the *Mascotte* from the first note to the last. He finds little difficulty in wheedling the average *concierge*, who, though honest, is lazy, careless, and saucy.

—In the Hungarian dance called the Csardas each couple dances apart, and scarcely moves from its position. The gentleman holds his partner with both hands by the wrists, turns her rapidly around, and finally lets her go, when they dance face to face. The music is slow at first, but becomes faster and faster. On the last public occasion that the Emperor of Austria saw this dance he said to the crowd in the ball-room, "I thank you very much; these have been delightful days, which I shall ever remember with pleasure."

—At the annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in Norwich, England, the Rev. J. H. SHAKESPEARE created some interest by announcing that he was not altogether orthodox either in his younger days as a Quaker or in his present days as a Churchman. To a certain extent he hated orthodoxy, "for it is often a parasitic plant that preys on the vitals of Christianity."

—Though conducted with utmost decorum, TOURGUÉNEFF'S funeral, with its two hundred thousand witnesses and participants, was regarded in St. Petersburg as a successful demonstration against the authorities. The gorgeous car that bore the great novelist's body had a canopy of cloth of gold surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers, and the coffin was covered with a golden pall strewn with wreaths and flowers. The wreath-bearing deputations from all parts of Russia made a procession a mile long.

—"Ireland needs to be informed," writes Mr. JOHN BRIGHT; "but a large portion of Ireland is not willing to learn. I believe in just measures, and in their effect, and in time and patience, and I am ready to hope, and even to believe, that within a reasonable period we shall see a change for the better in Irish affairs."

—An esteemed foreign contemporary, in its review of the Crystal Palace Cat Show, notes incidentally that the exhibition may possibly help to dissipate the notion that keeping cats is a weakness or fondness peculiar to old maids, for the list of contributors shows that spinsters are not so many as one in six of the whole number.

—The Bishop of Lincoln declares that in his judgment no act of the last session of the House of Lords was more pleasing to God than the rejection of the bill authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "It was really a bill for the separation of church and state, and its adoption would have been subversive of purity and of the peace of families, and disastrous to the safety of the national institutions, and perhaps of the monarchy itself."

—After his six years' service in command of the fortress of Gibraltar, the citizens of that rock desired to present a testimonial of their regard to Lord NAPIER. In view, however, of "the difficulty of making a suitable present to his lordship," they gave his wife, Lady NAPIER, a handsome gold bracelet, on whose massive band her monogram and coronet appear in brilliants and pearls. The proceeding, in this shape, met with the approbation of the entire family.

—POPE is said to have been but twelve years old when he wrote the poem, now a household word, beginning

"Happy the man whose wish and care,"

which is variously called an "Ode on Solitude" and "The Quiet Life." Mr. ABBEY, however, who has made for the Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a series of a dozen drawings for this twenty-line poem, catches its spirit in making the happy man an elderly gentleman of several times twelve years old, for the child-poet had indeed a "prophetic soul" by which he projected himself into mature life. The illustrations are, in fact, episodes in the rural life of England, perhaps not the less characteristic because seen through an American eye.

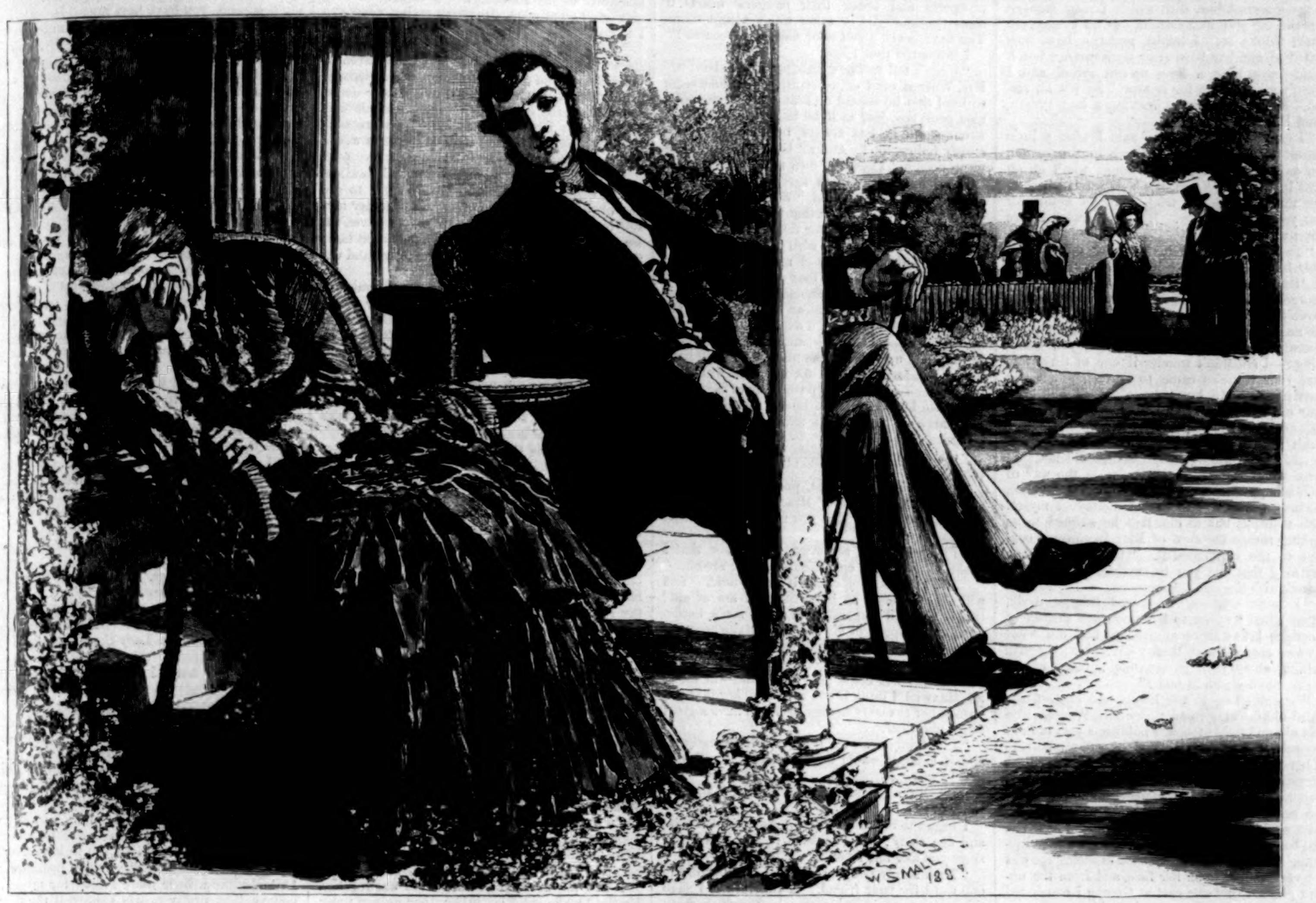
—That ROBERT BURNS (observes a late writer), in his pursuit of social intercourse, sometimes drank to excess, can not be denied; but that he was a habitual drunkard is the reverse of the truth. The best proof of this is founded upon the fact—to which his wife and those who best knew him testify—that he was never known to drink to excess in his own house. No one who goes to Dumfries, and who drinks to the immortal memory of the bard in the Globe Tavern, need be troubled with "compunctious visitings" on the ground that he is commemorating the fatal orgies of a confirmed Bacchanalian. The sentimental prudery that affects abhorrence of the name of BURNS because certain lordlings gave him the cold shoulder in the streets of Dumfries ought to be reminded that it was for his political far more than for his social excesses that he was made a martyr in his later days. The house where Mrs. BURNS (JANE ARMOUR) lived till her death, in 1834, is now tenanted by the master of an industrial school which is built on adjoining land. Another house, in whose parlor BURNS played with his children, and in one of whose bedrooms he died, is still an object of interest to pilgrims.

The right of way?

Farmer Holton to "Veteran" McLane.

"All right, neighbor, we'll appeal to enlightened Self-interest and fair play."

[*See Article* "MARYLAND POLITICS," *Page* 711.]



"THE MUCH TRIED LADY SANK INTO ONE OF THE CHAIRS BESIDE ME."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I AM PLACED IN A PAINFUL POSITION.

The next day being Sunday, my uncle and I, of course, went to church in the morning. The old square pew in which we sat, with its worm-eaten boards, its green baize curtain above them, and its shabby cushions and hassocks; the faint, musty smell, for which partly damp and partly the remains of our decaying ancestors were responsible; the village choir in the gallery, bawling out "I will arise" to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, which had always been dimly associated in my childish imagination with King Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold—all these things brought back vividly to me the days of my boyhood; days that seemed far more remote then than they do now. I am afraid my mind was a good deal more occupied with memories and vain regrets than with the prayers and the Rector's subsequent homily.

This, like all his discourses, was constructed upon time-honored and unvarying lines. Firstly: What was so-and-so? Was it this?—No. Was it that?—No. Was it something else altogether improbable?—Again, no. What, then, was it? Which led to the agreeable discovery that, after all, it was very much what the untutored mind would have pronounced it to be at first sight. Secondly: How was this doctrine illustrated by examples from Holy Writ? Examples from Holy Writ, numerous, and more or less apposite, followed. Finally, brethren, how did this great truth come home to all of us? The unsatisfactory conclusion being that it ought to come home to us in many ways; but that, by reason of the hardness of our hearts, it didn't. Then there was a great scuffling of hobnailed boots, a great sigh of relief, and we were dismissed.

Week after week, and year after year, the same routine was gone through in that sleepy hollow. I wonder whether it died out by degrees, or whether it vanished suddenly to make room for the new ways which are so different! Sir Digby and Lady Welby were always waiting for us in the porch, and Sir Digby invariably remarked that the weather was seasonable, while Lady Welby as invariably informed us that she had a headache; "but not one of my bad ones to-day." Then they got into their yellow chariot and were driven away, and my uncle and I walked down the church-yard path to our more modest equipage.

This was a very ancient and almost springless vehicle, known among the servants as the "pheeayton," which, for some reason or other, was always used on Sundays, though I never saw it out of the coach-house on any other day in the week. Upon the present occasion it was drawn by a young horse, who had become fidgety, owing to the attacks of the flies and a quarter of an hour's waiting, and who broke into a gallop the moment that we had taken our seats; the consequence of which was that we made an abrupt and undignified exit, clutching our hats and bouncing about upon the slippery leather cushion, while John coachman, purple in the face, tugged at his reins, and used words that he ought not to have used. When we had passed through the park gates, and the "pheeayton" was progressing at a less dangerous rate of speed, my uncle reproachfully asked John whether he wanted to kill us; which gave me a good opportunity for mentioning an idea which had occurred to me during church-time.

"That horse wants exercise," I remarked. "Would you mind my putting him into the dog-cart this afternoon? I was rather thinking of driving over to Hailsham to look up George Warren."

"Oh! to look up George Warren!" said my uncle, fixing a disagreeably steady gaze upon me.

I felt myself reddening under this inspection; for I had been informed overnight in his presence that some one else was staying at Hailsham, and I did not know how far he might be disposed to connect my anxiety with that circumstance. However, I met his eyes, and answered steadily, "Yes; I am afraid I shall have to go back to town to-morrow, and I should like to see George, as I am here."

"To be sure," answered my uncle, with a certain dryness of intonation; "it is the least that you can do, considering that he went all the way to Franzenshöhe to see you last winter."

It was pretty clear to me from this that George's intentions and my own defection were an open secret, yet I shrank from acknowledging the truth in so many words. My uncle, who never invited confidences, said no more; and neither then nor at luncheon afterward did I recur to a subject which was perhaps best left alone.

Certain ill-conditioned persons, who can not be brought to allow East Norfolk has any natural advantages, ought to be compelled to drive from Thirlby to Hailsham on a June afternoon. Their course—that is, if they took the short-cuts—would lead them by pleasant devious ways through a country made fertile by good farming, a country of gentle swells and depressions, of thick hedge-rows, and spreading oaks and hazel copses. Every now and again they would skirt a wide sheet of glittering water, and often they would catch glimpses of well-timbered park lands and solid mansions of an unpretentious order. I assert—not, indeed, without fear of contradiction; still, I will go so far as to assert—that there is no county in England which presents a more cheerfully prosperous and home-like aspect to the eye than East Norfolk in fine weather, nor any that produces a healthier or better-grown race of inhabitants. I am aware that the ill-conditioned persons aforesaid account for the latter circumstance by declaring that all weakly members of the population are killed off in early youth by the dreadful climate; but this is a mere *ex parte* statement, unsupported by evidence.

After that it must be acknowledged that the peasantry of this district are for the most part as ugly as the seven capital sins, and that their manners leave something to be desired. It must be acknowledged, too, that the weather, even in June, is seldom very warm. But that only makes the fine days seem all the finer when they come. The breeze that rushes to meet you has a fresh, salt smell; the snowy gulls, driven inland before it, hover overhead, uttering their shrill, yelping cry; the outlines of the distant woods and of the farm-houses and church towers are cut out sharply against the blue sky; and where within the four seas will you find an air more pure and invigorating?

If I did not enjoy all these good things as much as I might have done, it was because I was bothered by a pulling horse, and by sundry misgivings as to the prudence of the step that I was taking. When I had started for Hailsham I had had it strongly in my mind that I should like to see Maud; but now I felt quite convinced that I should like nothing of the sort. All that I wished was to hear from George what progress, if any, his suit was making; and I was not so eager even about that that I should have been very much disappointed to be told that the whole family had gone to church.

The family, as it happened, had gone to church; but probably they had been let off with a short sermon, for I overtook them marching homeward in a formidable troop, headed by the chief of the tribe, and whipped in by George, who said all that was proper in the way of surprise and gratification on recognizing me. I got down and shook hands with a number of persons of all ages (of whom Maud was not one), and accepted Mr. Warren's invitation to stay and take supper with them when I saw that he would be offended if I refused.

As soon as I could do so consistently with politeness, I fell back to the tail of the procession to join George, whom I took by the arm and led away toward the neglected wilderness which in more prosperous times had been one of the chief glories of Hailsham Hall. It was a damp and doleful pleasure-ground enough now—the alleys all moss-grown and choked here and there by tangled undergrowth, the rotting arbors festooned with cobwebs, and the benches falling into the last stage of decay, like the fortunes of their owner. Seating myself with precaution upon one of these, and finding that it did not crumble away under me, I requested George to do likewise, and to give an account of himself.

"Why have you never written to me, as you promised you would?" I asked.

"I was only to write if I had some good news to give, you know," answered he.

"And have you none?"

He shook his head.

"You haven't asked her, then?"

"Yes, I have; but it was no use. I might have known that it would be no use. I did know it really all along; but it was just as well to make perfectly sure, I suppose."

George spoke in his usual calm, level tones. He was prodding holes in the moist earth with his stick, and was to all appearance much interested in this occupation.

"I'm awfully sorry for this, old fellow," said I.

He glanced up at me for a moment. "I suppose you mean you are sorry for *me*. I don't think you ever much fancied the idea of my marrying Miss Dennison."

This was so undeniably true that I thought we would leave that point in abeyance, and proceeded to inquire when he had made his proposal.

"Oh, ever so long ago," he replied; "soon after I saw you at Franzenshöhe. I couldn't make up my mind to go back to London without knowing the worst."

"But she is staying with you now, isn't she?" said I, thinking it rather odd that she should be at Hailsham, under the circumstances.

"Well, yes; that was my mother's doing. My mother has been a good deal upset by all this, and by my change of plans, and she took it into her head that, if I would try again, it might all come right. Of course I knew that there was no hope; but as she persisted, and as Miss Dennison very kindly consented to come to us, I thought I ought to do my part. I asked her again yesterday, and I need not say that I got the same answer as before, only it was rather more emphatic. She told me that if I were the only man in the world she couldn't marry me."

"That wasn't a very kind thing to say," I observed.

"It was not said unkindly," answered George; "she only meant to make me understand that I was asking for something that she couldn't possibly give me. I didn't mind her putting it in that way."

I was really sorry for poor George; but it was difficult to show any sympathy with him, though I knew that, in spite of his cut-and-dried manner, he would have been glad of a friendly word or two. After we had both remained silent for a time, I asked him what was the change of plans to which he had alluded.

"I am going to Australia," said George, quietly; "I forgot I hadn't told you."

"You don't mean that!" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes. I have a cousin out there who is doing very well, and he has often suggested to me that I might join him. You see, my father can't afford to make an eldest son of me. When he dies, this place will have to be sold, and even then I don't

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

know how my mother and sisters are going to live, I'm sure. I have a small capital, left me by my grandmother, with which I may manage to make my way in Australia—at all events, my cousin thinks so. I might, perhaps, have succeeded at the bar here after some years; but it would have been a long up-hill grind, and I haven't much heart for it now. So it's all settled," concluded George, drawing a long breath, "and I'm glad of it."

"I expect you are right," said I, after a little consideration. "I don't believe in the *cælum, non animum*, theory, and if things won't go on right in the Old World, it's well worth while to give the Antipodes a trial. I'm no better off than you are, you know. By Jove! I wish I were going with you."

"Two love-lorn swains starting off to seek their fortunes together—it would be a new kind of 'Sentimental Journey,' wouldn't it?" said George, smiling. "No, my dear Charley, matters haven't come to such a crisis with you yet that you need contemplate emigration. You must stay where you are, and— Shall I tell you something?—I shouldn't wonder if one of these fine days your troubles came to an end, and if you married your old love, who, after all, has been your only love, whatever Lady Constance Milner may assert to the contrary."

Ah, if that were only possible! I thought to myself; but I knew, though George did not, that there were insuperable obstacles in the way of such a happy issue. I did not, however, mention the most obvious of them, but contented myself with pointing out to him that he seemed to be making rather too sure of Miss Dennison's consent to the arrangement. "Did she—er—say anything that led you to suppose—er—" I inquired, with discreet incoherence.

"I must confess," answered George, dryly, "that when I spoke to her upon the subject of marriage I was more anxious to find out what my own chances were than yours. No; she said nothing about you; it was only a fancy of my own. Shall we go in now?"

We walked up to the house, and entered the faded old drawing-room, where Mrs. Warren, who was old and faded too, was holding a sort of Sunday-school class, composed of the junior members of her family. Mrs. Warren had not received the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in a philosophical spirit. She was peevish and plaintive; she talked in a melancholy voice which was almost a whine, and she generally looked as if she had been crying. The pleasure which she politely declared that she experienced in seeing me was not very visible upon her face, and from the uneasy glances that she cast at George I concluded that she was appealing mutely to him to take me away. He, however, apparently misinterpreted these signals, for he basely slipped out of the room, leaving me in the lurch; whereupon Mrs. Warren, with an evident sense of injury upon her, remarked that she had supposed I had gone to evening church.

"Those of us who stay at home in the afternoon generally attend the evening service," she said. "I should like the children to go, but their father thinks once is enough for them. The task of keeping them out of mischief all day does not fall upon *him*, and perhaps he does not know how fatiguing it is. Would you mind very much if I went on hearing them their Catechism now? I really dare not turn them loose."

I begged her not to let me interrupt the proceedings, and added that I thought I would go out and smoke a cigar—a suggestion which seemed to comfort her.

Outside the drawing-room windows there was a long veranda, where several wicker chairs had been left. I seated myself upon one of these, lighted my cigar, and lazily contemplating the light and shade of the flat landscape, wondered what had become of Maud. Long shadows from the sinking sun lay across the grass; the air was warm and motionless; the silence of Sunday hung over the deserted fields. Only from within came, every now and again, the querulous questionings of poor Mrs. Warren, struggling with her refractory troop.

"Tommy, what is thy duty toward thy neighbor?"

"Duty toward my neighbor is to believe in him, to fear him, and—"

"Nonsense, child! you know very well that it is no such thing. Answer me at once: *what* are your duties to your neighbor?"

"Two only, as necessary to salvation—"

"Thomas, you do this purposely to annoy me, and you will drive me to complain of you to your father. I do think, Jane, that you might try to help me a little, instead of sitting there giggling. Can't you make Tommy understand what will happen to him if he *won't* learn his Catechism?"

The voice of Jane, thus appealed to, responds with startling clearness and absence of periphrasis, that in such a case Tommy would infallibly go to hell.

"Jane, I am ashamed of you! How can you say such dreadful things? I meant you to tell him that his father would give him a whipping. Of course, though, he wouldn't have believed you. Really I can not endure this much longer! Now, Tommy, begin all over again. What is thy name?"

This dialogue went on, with variations, for half an hour or more, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Warren's patience appeared to give way suddenly. A tumultuous shuffling of feet and slamming of doors made themselves heard, and the much-tried lady stepped out on to the veranda, and sank into one of the chairs beside me.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell," she exclaimed, "I hope it isn't very wrong to say so, but I do sometimes wish I had never married. If people only knew what married life was, they wouldn't be in such a hurry to rush into it."

I made the profound observation that nobody ever supposed that his own married life would resemble that of his neighbors.

"Ah, there it is! They have it all before their eyes, and yet they will fall in love and ruin their prospects and break their mothers' hearts if some tiresome girl or other won't accept them. You have heard about poor George, of course?"

I intimated that I had.

"I can't tell you how unhappy I am about it," Mrs. Warren went on, tearfully. "It does seem so hard that he should be sent away to the colonies, poor boy, just as if he had done something wrong—and he has always been such a good, steady fellow, too! And all because Maud Dennison does not know her own mind!"

Not being disposed to agree with the latter statement, I only remarked, "Well, you must take comfort from the thought that he has escaped the miseries of married life for this time."

Mrs. Warren retorted with some indignation that she had not expected me to be flippant; but, upon being assured that such had not been my intention, she was persuaded to resume her tale of woe. "I don't mean to say that I am anxious that George should marry; but naturally he will do so sooner or later, and his heart seems to be quite set upon Maud Dennison. She will have a very comfortable little fortune, too, when her father dies—one can't help thinking of that; and I suppose he would make liberal settlements on her marriage. I do think she might very easily be brought to consent."

"George thinks differently," I ventured to observe.

"George is so diffident, poor fellow! Don't you think, Mr. Maxwell," Mrs. Warren added, in a persuasive voice, "that *you* might be of a little assistance to him?"

"I?—well, upon my word, I don't see that I could," I answered, considerably taken aback.

"Ah, I think you could if you would. You will set me down as impertinent, I am afraid; but if you will remember that my son's happiness, not to speak of my own, is at stake, perhaps you will forgive me. Don't suppose that George has betrayed any secrets of yours; but one thing and another has come out; and—and—in short, Mr. Maxwell, I think if you would tell her that *you* wished her to marry George, it would have a great effect upon her."

"I certainly can't tell her anything of the sort; and if I did, it would have no effect at all upon her," I answered, curtly.

"Mr. Maxwell, do you want to marry the girl yourself?"

I began to experience an intense desire to arise and flee away; but I resisted it, and said, "No, since you ask me, I don't."

"Then surely you can not object to putting in one word for your friend. If you refuse, I shall think you most inconsiderate, most selfish, most unkind."

Mrs. Warren was sobbing aloud by this time, and I was frightened out of my wits. To pacify her I said: "Very well, very well; I'll do it, then. It will be horribly disagreeable, but I'll do it. Do be calm!—here they all come, back from church. Now do, please, Mrs. Warren, stop crying."

Probably Mrs. Warren's near relations were more accustomed to seeing her in tears than I was. At all events, not one of the half-dozen persons who presently crossed the lawn and joined us seemed to be in the least surprised or affected by her distress, though she continued to blow her nose in the most heart-rending manner for some minutes after their arrival. As for me, I was so utterly discomfited by the woman's behavior, and by the thought of what I had so rashly promised to do for her, that the ordeal of meeting and shaking hands with Maud sank into insignificance by comparison, and I found myself talking to the latter with as little embarrassment as she herself displayed.

How I got through supper, and what occurred during that meal, I have no idea; I only remember that the period of respite passed with astonishing rapidity, and that no sooner was it at an end than the whole company appeared suddenly to melt away, as if by preconcerted arrangement, leaving me alone with Maud. It was in the garden, whither we all had adjourned from the dining-room, that she and I were thus abandoned, and I perceived that the moment had come for me to redeem my pledge. Shivering on the brink was not to be thought of, and I plunged recklessly into the very midst of my task by saying: "George has been telling me about his disappointment. I was very sorry to hear of it."

Maud made no answer. She was leaning against a low iron fence, with those beautiful eyes of hers looking out at the far horizon. As I watched her furtively, the irony of the situation manifested itself to me with such humiliating distinctness that I felt as if I could not have the impudence to say any more. Nevertheless, I had to speak, since she would not, and after a long pause I resumed:

"He is awfully cut up about it. I suppose you know that he is going out to Australia?"

"Yes," she answered, shifting her position a little, so as to face me; "but I can't see any great misfortune in that. I am sure he will be much happier shearing sheep, or whatever it is that people do in Australia, than pleading in stuffy law courts; and he is far too sensible to go on crying long for the moon. I am sorry that he should have been caused any pain through me; but he will console himself, like everybody else."

I felt bound to say that I differed from her. "Whatever George may be, he is not fickle," I declared; "and there is no better-hearted or honester fellow breathing."

"Really!" said Maud. "That, of course, is a discovery which I should never have made without your help, and naturally it alters the whole aspect of the case. Are you extolling his virtues out of pure, disinterested friendship? or is it possible that Mrs. Warren has commissioned you to plead for him?"

I confessed at once that the latter surmise was correct, adding that I was fully sensible of the absurdity of my advocacy. "I refused as long as I could; but when she began crying, what was I to do?"

"Oh, don't apologize; you had no alternative. Perhaps it was not very wise of Mrs. Warren to imagine that you could persuade me when George could not; still, if she wanted to convince me of the unalterable constancy of man, I admit that she couldn't have made choice of a more suitable ambassador. One bright example is worth any amount of arguments."

I wished the earth would open and swallow me; I wished I had allowed Mrs. Warren to cry her eyes out before I had consented to lay myself open to this inevitable taunt. "I haven't a word to say for myself," I stammered out at last; "it would only make things worse to try and explain."

But Maud broke into a perfectly natural and good-humored peal of laughter. "Poor Charley!" she said; "it was too bad to take such a mean advantage of you, but I couldn't resist it. Don't look so woe-begone. I have always considered myself a sort of relation of yours, and, you know, almost all boys begin life by a harmless passion for one of their cousins. It would be a very literal sort of cousin who would take those early vows in sober earnest."

"That may be the pleasantest and most convenient way of putting it," said I; "but it isn't the true way, and I had rather you understood the truth. I recollect every word that I said to you that evening by the Broad, and it was as much sober earnest as anything in this world can be. I think you know it was, too. If I have changed since, it isn't because I was a boy then, but because I am a miserable weak fool, who never could have been worthy of you. I dare say I am a blackguard as well. I know I should call any other fellow a blackguard who had behaved as I have done."

"Oh, what ugly names! Do you think by any chance that I am breaking my heart over your inconstancy? Do I look broken-hearted? Then don't exhaust your vocabulary of remorseful epithets, or you will have none left to offer Lady Cecilia—is her name Cecilia?—when you take your next step on the road toward matrimony. The future Mrs. Charles is probably at this moment under the care of a nursery governess. When you bring her to me to be introduced I sha'n't tell tales, and I shall be too aged to excite jealousy. In the mean time, I wish you would treat me like a sister, and not like an enemy. I assure you I don't bear malice."

I was too sore and ashamed to answer her. By-and-by she went on, in a rather graver tone: "There was something much more serious that you mentioned to me that same evening. I wonder whether you remember it?"

"No," I answered, staring at her in surprise. And then—"Oh, you mean about Harry?"

She nodded. "I think he is coming to the fore again, and I feel less and less sure of Mr. Le Marchant. My father tells me that Mrs. Farquhar has changed her note; she doesn't praise you any longer, and she has begun to throw out oracular hints about 'poor dear Harry' and his misfortunes. You ought to have kept friends with Mrs. Farquhar."

"I haven't quarrelled with her," said I. "I haven't seen her for an age. As for my uncle, I doubt whether anything will make him alter his mind; but if he does, I shall be very glad. Didn't you yourself tell me that you thought it was my duty to take Harry's part?"

"Well," she said, "duty is one thing, and expediency is another. If he makes his appearance, I don't say that you shouldn't take his part; but, in the interest of everybody concerned, I shall take yours. It all rests with Mrs. Farquhar, whom I am ready to cajole or to fight, according to circumstances."

I hesitated whether to tell her that I had met Harry or not, but decided that perhaps I had better keep my own counsel for the present. I only answered that I believed the control of future events rested more with Harry himself than with Mrs. Farquhar or my uncle; and before anything further could be said, George came out to tell me that he didn't want to send me away, but that the dog-cart had been waiting for half an hour, and the brown horse was dancing about on his hind-legs.

I little suspected, when I said good-by to George and Maud, how and where I should next see those two together.

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY CONSTANCE TESTS THE EXTENT OF MY FOLLY.

The first person whom I saw on arriving at my rooms in London was Harry; and the first thing that Harry said was: "So you have been down at the old place! Why didn't you tell me that you were going?"

He spoke with a perceptible degree of earnestness and impatience, and I saw at once that I should have to tell him what had taken me home.

"Oh! I ran down for a couple of nights," I said. "Was there any reason for my informing all my friends of my movements?"

"None whatever," answered Harry; "but I have had an uncomfortable sort of feeling that you might have spoken about me to my father. I hope you didn't do that."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I did," said I. "I am sorry if you are angry about it," I added, noticing the flush which overspread Harry's pale cheeks; "but I acted for the best; I thought it could do no sort of harm to say that I had seen you."

"I am not angry," Harry declared; "but I am a little annoyed, I confess. From one point of view, your having spoken will have done neither harm nor good; because, as I have told you times out of mind, my father will never be influenced one way or the other by anything that you can say of me; but though you may not have injured my prospects, you have hurt my pride. Perhaps you think I have no right to lay claim to such an article of luxury."

He was walking up and down the room with quick, impatient steps, and for a minute or two I thought he was going to quarrel with me. But presently his ordinary serenity returned to him, and he threw himself down into an arm-chair, laughing good-humoredly.

"I know you meant well," he said; "and it can't be helped. I wish you hadn't done it, that's all. I need not ask how my father received your advances on my behalf. Of course he snubbed you."

"Not exactly that," I answered; "but I must admit that he was not very encouraging."

"And no doubt he accused me of having instigated you to make this unwise attempt."

This, again, I was unable to deny; and Harry continued: "You see now that, supposing I had a little pride left, I might not altogether like such accusations being brought against me. But, after all, I don't care. What does it signify? At least this will have the effect, I hope, of convincing you that you had better submit to the inevitable; and the inevitable has been known to take worse forms than that of an unincumbered estate."

"I don't consider myself beaten yet," I said; "I still think you have a chance. Indeed, he told me so himself."

"What chance?" inquired Harry, with an ironical smile.

"Well, he said that if you could distinguish yourself—"

"Oh! the old story. I wonder he doesn't say that he will be prepared to shake hands with me as soon as ever I am appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Suppose we talk about something else. Have you seen Lady Constance since your return?"

"Of course not. I drove straight here from the station."

"When you do see her you may as well tell her what you have been about these last few days. I think she will consider it good news. Don't look so indignant; it *is* good news for her and good news for you. Come! I'll go a little further, and say that it's good news for me too, though, to be sure, I can hardly call it news. I wish you would believe that I don't want Thirlby any more than I want the Archbishopric of Canterbury. I should like you to have Thirlby, I should like you to marry Lady Constance, and I should like a little more money for myself. I believe that pretty nearly expresses the sum of my earthly desires. No; there's one more thing that I should like. I should like, if it were in the least possible, to make my father understand that I am not using you as a cat's-paw to draw my chestnuts out of the fire. They aren't my chestnuts any more; and if I had a hankering after them, I should prefer burning my own fingers to letting you burn yours. But it would be asking too much to ask him to believe that."

"I am afraid," said I, penitently, "that I have made rather an ass of myself."

"To be quite frank with you," answered Harry, laughing, "I think you have. However, if Lady Constance doesn't think so, it matters very little what anybody else may think."

I had an opportunity of ascertaining Lady Constance's views upon the subject the same evening, when I met her at a large party at the Foreign Office. She was dressed with more than usual magnificence; she wore a necklace and spray of diamonds which must have been worth a small fortune; and, as she ascended the broad staircase, with a cloud of satellites about her, I thought I had never seen her looking to greater advantage. The distinguished statesman who at that time presided over the Department of Foreign Affairs paid her marked attention; exalted political personages elbowed one another to get near her; she seemed quite unapproachable by so humble an individual as myself. It was therefore with a thrill of gratified pride that I saw her, after a time, detach herself unceremoniously from the group with which she had been engaged in conversation, and make straight for the corner whence I had been admiring her from afar.

"You may take me through the rooms, if you like," said she, placing her hand lightly upon my arm. "You have been following my advice, and visiting your relations, I hear."

"How did you know that?" I asked, as we moved on through the crowd.

"Oh, the well-informed Chapman, as usual. He called yesterday and told me that you had gone down to Norfolk. I think even that he called for the purpose of telling me; for he had very little else to say, and he is not one of the people whom I generally receive on Sundays. By-the-way, what *is* this singular Chapman? Is he a phenomenon, do you suppose, or a humbug?"

Feeling myself upon dangerous ground, I only returned, cautiously, "How do you mean?"

"He must be the one or the other. If he is a disinterested friend of yours, he is a phenomenon; if he isn't—which is a great deal more likely—he is playing some game that I don't understand."

"I believe," I answered, "that you may give him credit for being disinterested. I suppose you say this because he has been good-naturedly trying to dispose you a little in my favor."

"There was no necessity for that. What he is trying to do, in the most open and undisguised way, is to convince me that I should do well to marry you instead of Mr. Sotheran. I can't say that he has succeeded, so far; but I rather enjoy his coolness."

"I wish I had half his audacity," I sighed.

"You have a fairly good supply of your own, I think; half Mr. Sotheran's income would be a

good deal more to the purpose. Does it make you any happier to know that I would marry you to-morrow if you had ten thousand a year?"

"I am not sure that it does," I answered. "That is only equivalent to saying that you would marry anybody who had ten thousand a year."

"Not exactly anybody," she returned, composedly; "there are some people from whom I should require at least double that price. What a foolish fellow you are!" she went on. "I am several years older than you; I am neither pretty nor good; I hold some odd opinions, and have not always the courage of them—how thankful you ought to be that you have not ten thousand a year!"

"You are yourself," I said. "All the rest means nothing to me, even if it were true. You are quite right to call me a fool; but my folly is all that I care to live for." And then I broke out into passionate phrases which I don't care to reproduce at this time of day, and to which Lady Constance paid very little heed.

"How far would your folly carry you?" she asked, all of a sudden. "Far enough to lead you into doing something really foolish to serve me?"

"Try me!" I cried, eagerly. "The more difficult and the more dangerous it is, the better I shall be pleased."

"Oh," said Lady Constance, with a short laugh, "I am not going to ask you to slay a dragon; my requirements are much more commonplace. Perhaps some other time I may tell you what they are. Meanwhile, here comes an elderly relative of yours to save me from falling into bathos."

I followed the direction of her glance, and became aware of the General bearing down upon us with a countenance irradiated by smiles. He took Lady Constance's hand, bowed over it, gave it a perceptible squeeze, and then favored me with a slap on the shoulder.

"You're a nice fellow, Charley!" said he. "What do you mean by never letting me know you were in town? Too busy dancing attendance upon the ladies, eh? Ah, Lady Constance, these young gentlemen cut us out in all directions; but they're not to be trusted, take my word for it. Here to-day and off to-morrow—butterfly business, you know. If you want a steady, respectful adoration, warranted to last, you must go to the middle-age division. I'm middle-aged myself," he added, modestly, "so I ought to know."

But Lady Constance had already turned her back upon us, and was conversing with a dignitary of the Church, whose arm she presently took. As she moved away, she looked over her shoulder and said to me, "You are going on to Brentford House later, I suppose," in a tone which seemed rather to imply a command than a question.

The Duchess of Brentford was giving a great ball that evening, to which all London had been bidden, and I among the rest. Thither I now repaired, in obedience to Lady Constance's hint; and there, very soon after my arrival, I came upon the object of my search. She saw me at once; but it did not please her to take any immediate notice of me, and while I was patiently awaiting her summons I was led away and made to dance. When I was free again, which was only after a considerable interval, I was unable to discover her; and so it was not until early morning that she suddenly appeared at my elbow, and told me that she wished to be taken down to the garden.

The Duke of Brentford, as everybody knows, inhabits a big, isolated house, with pleasure-grounds attached to it which, for London, may be called extensive. These had been prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns, and, as the night was warm, a good many people were strolling over the grass, or lounging in the marquee which had been stretched outside the ground-floor windows. Lady Constance seated herself upon a vacant bench, made room for me beside her, and—

"Let me see," said she; "where did we leave off? Hadn't you been protesting that you were consumed with a desire to do something, possible or impossible, to serve me?"

"Whatever I said, I meant it."

"Very likely. Well, I am going to put your devotion to the proof. Do you like asking favors? I suppose not. No one does; although most of us have to come to it one time or another of our lives. And perhaps it is just as well that such necessities should arise, because there are very few other ways that I know of by which one can so easily find out what one's friends are worth. The lady in the ballad who flung down her glove among the lions and told her lover to fetch it must have had a moment of real happiness when she saw him drop down into the arena. Why he should have behaved in the brutal manner he did afterward I never could understand. No doubt he had sworn heaps of times that he was ready to die for her; and what business had he to lose his temper, and throw her glove in her face, when she took him at his word? You will say that he never meant his precious skin to be put in jeopardy out of mere wantonness; but I can't admit his right to make reservations. The moral of the tale is that it is a very foolish thing to accept vows literally."

"I make no reservations," I declared. "If you want me to jump over London Bridge, you have only to say the word. I'll do anything that you tell me to do; and I can't claim much credit for it either, because you can *make* me do anything."

"Really!—anything?" she repeated, with an odd smile. "I wonder how you feel now, or rather how you will feel presently! Suppose I were to ask for Mr. Sotheran's head upon a charger?"

"Well, then, I should have to refuse. I forgot to say that I must draw the line at crime."

"Come, we are getting on," observed Lady Constance; "I thought we should hear of some reservations presently. Do you draw the line, for instance, at carrying a letter to Warsaw which will certainly bring about your death if the police catch you with it in your possession?"

"No," I answered; "I'll do that gladly."

"But I don't want you to carry a letter to Warsaw, as it happens."

"Would you mind," I asked, mildly, "telling me what you do want of me?"

"Yes," she replied, laughing and sighing, "I mind very much; but I'll tell you, nevertheless. I want you to raise a couple of thousand pounds for me. Now, are you disgusted?"

Shall I confess that I was? In the abstract there seems to be no reason why a lady to whom you have just sworn unquestioning obedience should not ask for your money as much as your life; yet I suppose that no one can receive such a demand without at the same time experiencing a disagreeable shock. You may accept anything from your friend but his money. You may drink his costliest wines, you may smoke his choicest cigars, you may work his horses, his carriages, and his servants, and feel no overwhelming sense of obligation; but you would be equally astonished and displeased if he offered to pay your railway fare. In some houses one finds a box of postage stamps on one's writing-table; but I imagine that few people make use of them. For my own part, I always have an uncomfortable dread that the house-maid will abstract them after my departure, and that I shall be held responsible. This, no doubt, is a highly artificial sort of scrupulousness; but we live under artificial conditions of society. As Mrs. Gamp justly observes, "We are born into a wale, we were brought up in a wale, and we must take the consequences of such a sitiwation." Therefore, since I am no more philosophical than my neighbors, and since at that time I desired to think of Lady Constance as being, in certain respects, very superior to hers, I wished with all my heart that she had asked me for anything else. However, I made shift to conceal my feelings, and said, cheerfully, "Is that all?"

"That," answered Lady Constance, dryly, "is all. Observe, please, that I am not asking you to *lend* me this sum; where truth is possible, I always prefer to employ it. I may repay you in a month or two; but I may not be able to repay you at all. In the mean time, I hope you understand that I have paid you a compliment in making this request, if I never pay you anything else."

I said I understood that thoroughly, and thanked her; after which there was a pause.

"Perhaps," resumed Lady Constance by-and-by, "you may think it rather odd that I should be in such straits; but it is hardly worth while to enter into explanations. As a matter of fact, I am so short of ready money just now that I am actually in danger of getting into trouble with the butcher and baker. It may be only a temporary difficulty, but it is an unpleasantly real one."

I could not help glancing at the magnificent diamonds that she wore; and she immediately read my thoughts. "All paste!" she whispered behind her fan. "See what a sham I am, in spite of my love of truth! Nevertheless, I have a sort of excuse. These jewels are assumed to dazzle the butcher and baker, who will hear of them through the servants; they are not intended to delude you, nor society at large, whose opinion is of less importance for the moment."

Then she rose abruptly and yawned with unfeigned weariness. "Oh, how tired I am!" she exclaimed. "Will you go and look for my carriage, please? And don't come and see me for two or three days—I am going to have one of my attacks of suicidal mania."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARYLAND POLITICS.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

A Democratic newspaper of Washington, D. C., remarks, as to the nomination of Robert M. McLane for Governor by the Democrats of Maryland, that "the selection of such a man is not only good for his State and for the interests of his party therein, but it is such an example as the country has needed.... Maryland has done the country a service by calling on a veteran and honored statesman to lead his party to victory." Nothing could be much further from the truth than this. Mr. McLane is not a statesman in any proper sense of that much overworked word, and his selection as the Democratic candidate for Governor was not due in any respect to what will be "good for his State," or even to the general "interests of his party therein." He was chosen because he is the most admirable figure-head for the piratical craft of a political machine which United States Senator Arthur P. Gorman, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, is just now navigating toward what he hopes will be a safe mooring at the public crib on the 6th of the present month. To this end the national reputation of his party, the welfare of his State, and the judgment of the disinterested members of the Maryland Democracy have alike been disregarded and flouted by this Senatorial machine leader.

The starting-point of the existing political situation in Maryland is Governor Hamilton's truthful and terrific arraignment of the actual administrative capacity of his own State government. This picture of business waste and public dishonesty was unfolded in order to promote Governor Hamilton's desire for a re-election, and was distinctly set forth as an effort to secure reform "within the party." But all its assertions of fact remain, and no one has ever questioned their substantial accuracy. The Democratic State machine, under Mr. Gorman, closed its eyes, took the blow, and went on as before. He and his followers had already made up their minds that worthy Farmer Hamilton of Washington County was of no further use to them, and his appeal to the business sense and disinterested sentiment of the Democratic party only served to stiffen their resolution. Accordingly the measures for carrying the primary elections for delegates to the State Convention and for local candidates went on as before. The Democratic expenditure of about a thousand dollars for each law requiring newspaper publication had prepared the local press in the various counties for the task of "moulding party sentiment" in favor of the existing system; the multiplication of officers of all kinds and degrees to the extent during one legislative session of providing 111 members with 105 officers and attendants had filled the State with a horde of active and obedient agents ready to shape every detail precisely as it was determined at head-quarters; the deficiency of $772,738 in the accounts of tax-collectors, sheriffs, clerks, registers, and incorporated institutions—the total revenue of the State running under $2,000,000—furnished nearly a hundred men, distributed among the twenty-three counties and in Baltimore, whose necessitous circumstances forced them to efficient service as sergeants and corporals of the machine forces; the legislative lobby, which the prevailing system has brought to organized proportions, furnished another contingent; and when all these personal and trained instruments failed to coerce genuine public sentiment, money, obtained by assessing office-holders and from private contributions, was poured in to purchase the votes that remained unaffected by any other consideration. This machine was brought to bear upon a party that cast 93,706 votes for Hancock in 1880, and 75,587 votes for the Democratic candidate for State Comptroller in 1881, in a State where family relations are of great account and very numerous, where, out of a population of 695,364, the number ten years of age and over who can not read is 111,387, under the name of a party that has been in uninterrupted possession of every branch of the State government since 1867, and by a machine leader who unites great personal suavity to practical political skill and undaunted resolution. The result was almost inevitable. Governor Hamilton, as an advocate of reform "within the party," barely got the delegates in his own county; and in the Convention, when it was proposed to recognize his work as Governor, the resolutions to that effect were contemptuously voted down. It may be thought odd that a man of Governor Hamilton's character did not, during his administration of four years, impress his own purposes upon the active political forces of the party; but the fact is that the Democratic machine organization is too perfect to allow of any such catastrophe as that would be. The political patronage of Maryland is mainly in the hands of the Board of Public Works, consisting of the Governor, the State Comptroller, and the State Treasurer, or a majority of them, and the machine holds two of these offices as of right. Mr. Gorman insists upon this point for his own security, and his venal followers agree with him as a guarantee that they will get their reward.

Mr. McLane's nomination for Governor was the political product of this packed Convention. He is an intensely respectable gentleman, who has been known as "Susquehanna Bob," because of the premature remark, ascribed to him in 1860, that if the slave-holders began war, the Susquehanna would be made the battle line, and not the Potomac. Politically he regards the Democratic party precisely as the personal followers of the late Comte de Chambord regarded the public pretensions of that estimable gentleman; and, provided other people will do the dirty work, he is always ready to accept with pride any political honors that may fall in his way. He is a perfect type of that large class of Southern gentlemen, as they are in respect to hospitality, courtesy, breeding, and taste, who will wink at the waste of public funds, the multiplication of unnecessary officers at the cost of the tax-payer and the rent-payer, bribery, and even the interruption of criminal justice, provided all these things are done for the good of the Democratic party, without the slightest conception that their personal honor, as individual Democrats, is concerned in the matter. Mr. McLane knows that he was nominated by a predatory gang of corrupt and conscienceless scoundrels, who are getting their living and their whiskey at the expense of the honest industry of the State; but he announced, while the political cards were being packed for his benefit with patronage, bribery, and promises of office, that he was ready to take whatever Mr. Gorman's Convention had to offer him.

The forces united on the Republican side against this order of things are very considerable. At the Congressional elections of 1882 the Democrats cast 82,314 votes, the Republicans 74,520. This gave a Democratic majority in the whole State of 7794. But in Baltimore the Democrats cast 31,999 votes, and the Republicans 23,495, a Democratic majority of 8504, showing that the Republicans had a majority of 710 votes in the State outside of Baltimore. Since then the registry system of Baltimore has been improved; and provided a tolerably honest election can be secured there (it is believed that J. Morrison Harris, the Republican candidate for Governor in 1879, was "counted out" in Baltimore in favor of Governor Hamilton, who is now one of the prophets), it is certain that the Republican city vote will be able to take care of itself, with perhaps a little to spare. The Maryland Democrats themselves fixed the date of the State election separate from Congressional elections, so as to avoid Federal interference in any shape; and the new civil service law has deprived Federal Republican officers of those promises of patronage which they have sometimes scattered with great profusion, to the utter confusion or disorganization of the Republican lines. This year the Republican forces stand mainly upon solid public grounds, and the life-blood of honest party sentiment is running freely through their veins. This is a most encouraging circumstance, and gives consistency and force to all their efforts against the Democratic State machine. Honest and hard-working Democratic tax-payers are coming to see that a party name does not lighten the burdens of maladministration, and they want a more efficient and less costly government.

On the affirmative side the Republicans have a good candidate for Governor. Hart B. Holton is a man who has come up from small beginnings; he is a man of affairs, both private and public; and he represents in his own career that new tide of industrial activity and material growth that is now sweeping over the Southern and border States. In 1882 he was elected to Congress from the Fifth Maryland District, carrying five out of the six counties (excluding the part of the district lying in Baltimore) by a majority of 2205, coming out of the six rural counties with a majority of 1999, as against, in the same counties in 1880, a majority of 904 for Hancock, and carrying the whole Congressional district by a majority of 1536, as against a Democratic majority on the Congressional ticket in 1880 of 1786. Mr. Holton accomplished this political revolution by means of his known fitness for public life and his zeal in behalf of better administration, and under political conditions which, while they raised no antagonisms between him and factional leaders or Federal office-holders, made it clear that his political strength was his own, and that he was free to serve the people according to his own judgment. His associates on the State ticket are men of like quality. Fortunately the rivalries of Eastern Shore and Western Shore have not entered into his nomination for this higher office, while the adoption by the Republican Convention of the resolutions for the purification of the State government, which were rejected by the Democratic Convention, shows that the fight is to be pressed upon grounds of serious moment to every tax-payer in the State.

In a State like Maryland, where all public property is regarded and treated as if it belonged to the Democratic party, it is not difficult to suggest worthy and needful ends for political effort; but the hopeful fact in this instance is that the means proposed for securing these ends deserve public respect and confidence. The Republican canvass will gain some strength from the growing public conviction of the need of civil service reform on the score of economy. In Maryland one main question is as to whether the taxing power can be employed for creating and maintaining offices designed and used solely for party or factional purposes without bringing the State into financial danger. The Democratic State machine has carried office-mongering so far that the plain people begin to see the close relation between bad politics and their pockets; and if enlightened self-interest has fair play in the canvass, undisturbed by the old and irrelevant prejudices to which the Democrats will appeal, it is a pretty safe prediction that Farmer Holton will succeed Farmer Hamilton as the next Governor of Maryland.

LUTHER AT THE WARTBURG.

By JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

At Wartburg still the ink they show
 Which Luther at the Devil threw.
In these last days we've learned to know
 He fought more wisely than he knew.

For this far more than flaming tongue
 The powers of evil filled with fright:
The inkstand by the printer flung
 The Prince of Darkness put to flight.

Now silent lies great Luther's tongue,
 And palsied is the hero's hand;
But that black thunder-bolt it flung
 Still rolls and smites from land to land.

The martyr's stake and prison cell,
 The tyrant's yoke and scourger's rod,
And other enginery of hell,
 It smites as with the wrath of God.

E'en when consenting captives lay
 In Superstition's ghostly halls,
This bolt has thrown the light of day
 Between the thunder-riven walls.

With Argus eyes, Briarean hands,
 And myriad tongues to curse or bless,
There walks the earth's enlightened lands
 One king of all—the Printing-Press.

His royal form is wrought of steel;
 His spirit is the steam's hot breath;
Before him Power and Genius kneel;
 His smile is life, his frown is death.

The harnessed lightnings are his steeds;
 His hands are on the curbing wires;
Each courser every whisper heeds,
 And checks or loosens all his fires.

His hand is on the telephone;
 The light electric burns his path;
He speaks his thought from zone to zone
 In tones of love or peals of wrath.

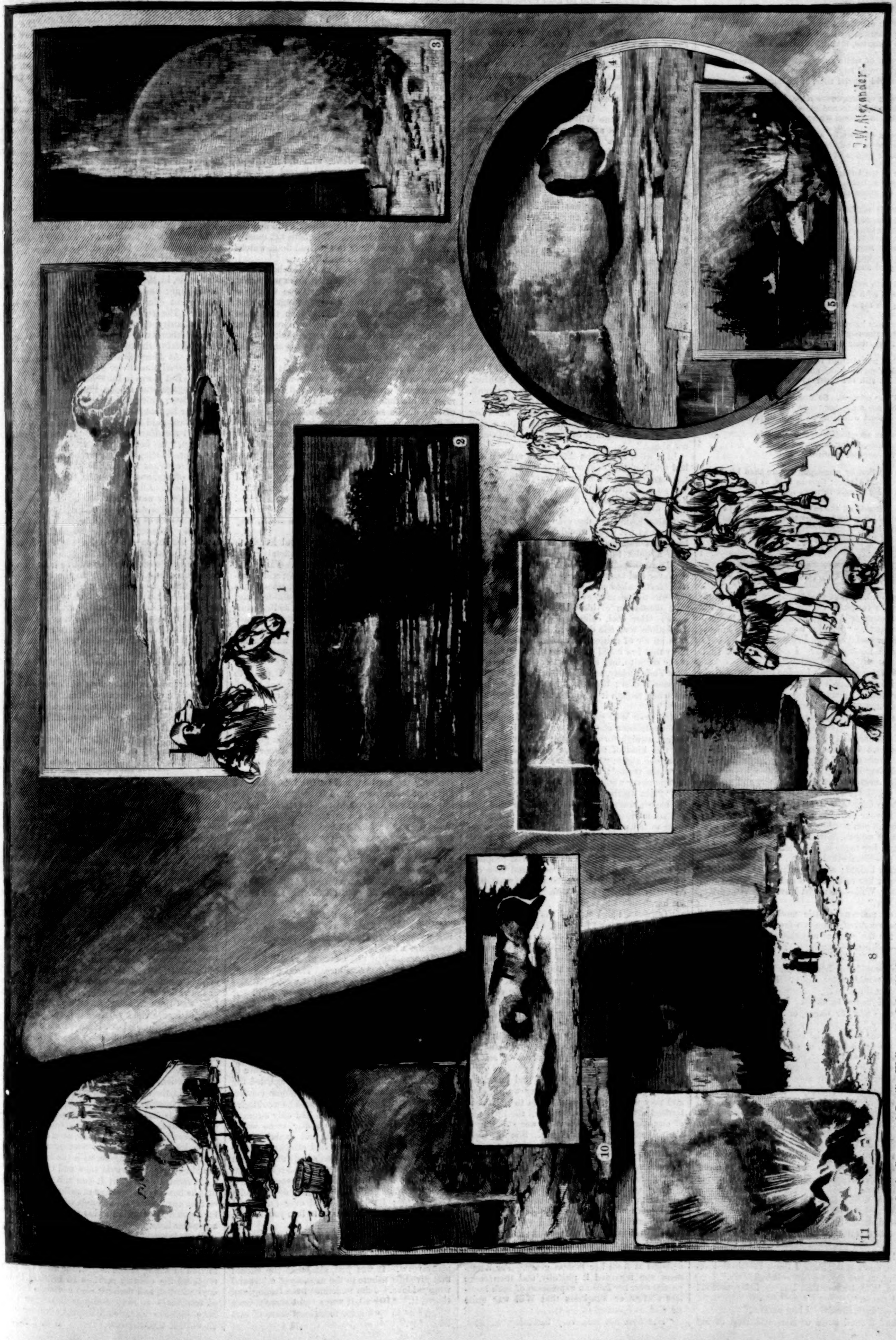
If sometimes with a backward fling
 He smites when he should help instead,
Yet mainly aims this noblest king
 His inkstand at the Devil's head.

His Wartburgs crown a million hills;
 The walls are all of paper made;
His ink, which countless measures fills,
 Is on these walls most deftly laid.

And whether by his hot breath blown,
 Or seized with all his hundred hands,
The whole around the world is thrown,
 To bless and brighten all its lands.

King of the inky sceptre, hail!
 We own thy sway, court thy control;
Thy power shall more and more prevail
 Until it spread from pole to pole!

STILL-HUNTING THE MOOSE.—A LONG SHOT.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 715.]



1. Castle Geyser and Devil's Well. 2. Splendid Geyser, after playing. 3. Grand Geyser, in action. 4. Giant Geyser, in repose. 5. River-side Geyser. 6. Lioness and Cubs. 7. A hot Spring. 8. Old Faithful Geyser, in action. 9. Grotto Geyser. 10. Bee-hive Geyser, in action. 11. Grotto Geyser, in action.

THE GEYSERS OF THE UPPER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 718.]

TO HENRY IRVING.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Sent with some Roses on a Benefit Night, Lyceum Theatre, London.

We dream of moon-lit roses, dashed with dew,
From Belmont's terrace waving welcome sweet
To Belmont's mistress, speeding through the night.

We dream of reddest roses, brimmed with sun,
In gay Messina, by the woodbine bower,
Where crouches, blushing, Leonato's niece.

We dream of whitest roses, showering down
In tender royal largess, to atone
For maimèd funeral rites, at Elsinore.

We dream of sumptuous roses, which prepare
With languid sighs and glow of sensuous bloom
A garden in Verona, where Love waits.

We dream of roses by a mossy well,
The centre of a humbler scene of joy—
The rustic garden of Ann Hathaway—

Where in the twilight once two lovers stood,
And eyes smiled into eyes, and hand sought hand,
When all unconscious, in the kiss of troth,

The simple maiden on her brow received
The chrism of Fate—the seal sublime and sad
Of Fame eterne, of love that touched—and passed.

Yet, rarest roses of the land of song—
Roses that brightened Portia's wedding day,
Or laughed and listened with gay Beatrice,

Or hid with sad Ophelia in her grave,
Or sighed with Juliet on that night of nights—
Or English roses of our Shakspeare's time,

Could scarce have been more gorgeous in their tints,
More bounteously brimmed with sun or dew,
Than these, their kindred of a prosier day.

Time has not strained from out the royal flower
The splendent dye which gladdened Shakspeare's eyes;
As golden still the clustered stamens, set

Deep i' the crimson. So from age to age
Wise Nature sends her rarest life-drops down,
And so, heart within heart, hides, to reveal

Her golden secret—Genius! Thus it is
We find thee, Irving, in an alien time,
After the wane of centuries, allied

By mystic ties, by something "more than kin,"
To thy Great Master; thus as true, as like,
As are these flowers to roses red and pale

That sweetened all the summer ways and days
Of dear old Stratford, seems to his, thy life
Of grave high thought, of pure intent in art;—
Like in the worship of a loyal mind;
Like in the passion of a noble toil.

MISS ATKINSON'S OPINIONS.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" and pretty Mrs. Danvers, quite forgetful of the soft balls of many-colored worsteds in her lap, rose hurriedly to meet her husband. "I had a very, very, very important letter to-day—*from London!*"

"From London, Fan? I did not think that you knew any one in London."

"I was three years in a London boarding-school, sir! Do you think it is only men who make bosom-friends at school? John Lawrence and you were chums at school, and are ridiculous about each other yet; I suppose *I* can have a school friend too."

"Nonsense, Fan! David and Jonathan have no sisters. Women get a husband, and then there is an end of 'my darling Angelina,' and 'my darling Fanny.'"

"Her name is not Angelina, sir, and she always called me Frances. If there is one thing Elizabeth detests, it is nicknames. She used to say, 'If your name is Frances, don't allow any one to call you anything else.' She is quite a remarkable woman, Will, I assure you."

"And her name is Elizabeth?"

"Yes—Elizabeth Atkinson. She is very rich—very rich indeed; and I thought, Will dear, if I could get her to be baby's godmother—she's an old maid, Will—she might leave baby something, you know."

"You mercenary little mother! You would lay the weight of those two dreadful names upon baby for the sake of a possible legacy? Elizabeth—Atkinson—Danvers. The little mite could not bear it, Fan."

"We could call her 'Bessie,' Will; her godmother would never know. Bessie is pretty; don't you think so?"

"No, I do not think so. I am for calling her Lily, or Violet, or Grace, or something flowery and pretty."

"I never knew a girl called Lily that did not grow up fat and red, or one called Violet that was not loud and vulgar, or one called Grace that was not ill-tempered and gawky. Now there is something very stately about Elizabeth."

"And very likely baby will grow up a little fluttering, frizzly-haired fairy, all curves, and ringlets, and ribbons."

"I am ashamed of you, Will, talking about your own dear, darling little daughter in that way. And after all the trouble I have taken to select a proper godmother for her! And Elizabeth so delighted, and coming all the way to New York to see her goddaughter, too, and everything else. I must say I expected more appreciation from you, Will. Lilian Morris was here this afternoon, and she of course opposed Elizabeth. I expected that. She is all for those horrid Saxon names, like Maud, and Elfrida, and Bertha. But a man of the world—a sensible man like you, Will! I am astonished."

"Oh, don't scold, Fan. I think Elizabeth lovely; and, as you say, we can call her Lizzy."

"No, Will, I never said Lizzy. Lizzy, indeed! I said *Bessie*."

"Yes, dear, Bessie. I beg pardon."

"And I shall write to Miss Atkinson to say that we will have the christening in May, if that suits you, Will."

"Yes, yes; that suits me very well. John and I are going to the Adirondacks in June, but it will be all over by that time."

"All over, Will! I must say that is not flattering to baby."

"I dare say baby will be glad enough to have it all over. But is this lady really coming here?—to New York?"

"She is really coming. I was going to ask you about refurnishing the blue suite of rooms for her."

"Why, they were refurnished when we were married, two years ago, and nobody has used them but John Lawrence."

"And he smokes. Elizabeth is very sensitive on that subject."

For a short time Will held his ground about refurnishing; but after Fanny shifted the point of attack from her rocking-chair to his knee, the resistance grew fainter and fainter, and finally the weak husband not only agreed to the carved oak furniture upholstered in rich wood colors, but also professed to see the necessity for looking after the carriage.

"That Mrs. Lorimer has had hers lined with dark purple satin, Will, and it is really an effective background for light hair," skillfully suggested Fanny. "And I am so sick of those gray horses! Can't we have bay ones, Will? They are more English and stylish."

So the oak furnishing, the new carriage-lining, and the bay horses were determined on, and, what is more, Will Danvers had no sense of having suffered a defeat.

Will Danvers heard a great deal of Miss Atkinson between March and May, and was allowed to read specially wise and lofty paragraphs in her letters. He affected a great admiration for the lady, but in reality he was quite sure she would prove a tremendous bore. "But John and I can get out of it," he reflected; "that is one comfort. And if she manages to put Fan under her thumb, she is cleverer than I am; that's all. I don't believe Fan will give in—much; I never knew her do it. I'll bet twenty dollars they have a civil fight before a month is over, and that Fan comes out ahead."

In a week after Miss Atkinson's arrival Will had modified this opinion. Her appearance was not formidable—quite the contrary. Indeed, she was so petite, so gentle, so appealing, that Will had not at first thought it necessary to guard one of his prerogatives. But gradually he found himself abandoning his dearest rights. "Miss Atkinson was not well; would Mr. Danvers kindly breakfast alone, and allow darling Frances to have a quiet talk and cup of tea with her?" Mr. Danvers politely consented, and in a week the favor had become a custom, and Mr. Danvers breakfasted alone as a matter of course.

It was the same in everything: Miss Atkinson took possession of his wife, his child, and his house. Her cool, calm, authoritative way was irresistible, and she delivered her opinions with such an air of settled conviction in their infallibility that few cared to dispute them. "She was really sorry to find so much to disapprove of in New York society, and she wished she knew how to pass it over; but it was her nature to speak the truth, though it was often a very disagreeable duty."

And even Will gave her the usual credit for this unpleasant characteristic. "It is just her honest, straightforward nature that makes her say this kind of thing," he said to John Lawrence one night; "but I wish she was not so fond of 'plain truths': Fan is made to see faults in me she never would find out by herself."

"'Plain truths!'" answered John, spitefully. "I have always noticed that these people who are so fond of 'plain truths' never feel called upon to tell pleasant truths. I have always refused to meet the lady, Will, because I like women who are not above nice little hypocrisies to please us; but I declare a woman who proposes to accompany us into the woods, and turn our private pleasure into a public picnic, must be a character. I'll go home with you to-night and see her."

"Oh, John, thank you. I sha'n't feel so helpless against Fan and her then. Poor Fan! She hates the woods, and can't endure a dinner without entrées and dessert; yet this English woman has absolutely persuaded her that she is looking dreadfully ill, and that nothing but a pure natural life will save her from consumption."

To say that John Lawrence had no curiosity about Miss Atkinson would be false. He had heard about her continually for a month; she was always doing or saying something which contradicted his ideas of what a woman ought to do or say; so that going home with Will was not committing himself to any great act of self-denial.

It was a lovely June evening, and just dusk, as they entered the parlors. They were empty, and they walked through them on to a balcony latticed with vines that overlooked the little plot of city garden. Miss Atkinson was standing in the very centre of a small lawn. She was quite unconscious of any observation, and John stayed by an imperative motion Will's first movement to announce their approach. "Let me look at her," he said, in an agitated whisper.

As she stood there in the June twilight she was worth looking at. A woman about twenty-eight years of age, of the most delicate type of English beauty. Her small, slight figure was exquisitely robed in fawn-colored silk and grenadine. She had a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hand, but, even as they looked at her, she dropped it from her listless grasp. For a moment she regarded it pitifully, and then there passed over her face an expression of such hopeless sorrow or weariness that Will was quite startled, and turned to his friend:

"She does not look very bad-tempered now, does she? Why, John, what is the matter? Do you know her?"

"I can not tell, Will. Either I know her, or have been dreaming about her for eleven years, that's all."

Half an hour afterward they were sitting side by side in the gas-lit parlor. Every trace of sensibility had left Elizabeth's face. That womanly melancholy that had made her so lovely in the twilight garden had quite vanished. She was now only a keen, clever little woman.

But somehow John felt sure that she had assumed a character, and was playing up to it. "She is a clever actress, and enjoys interpreting her rôle; but why she chooses to do so is a question." And from this evening forward John Lawrence fell as completely under the spell of Elizabeth Atkinson as Fanny had done—with this difference: Elizabeth soon became aware that in this case her slave was also her conqueror.

Will was disgusted with the whole position. He took a couple of servants and set off to the Adirondacks without John, who did not now want to go fishing. He seemed, indeed, to desire nothing but to idle away the long summer days in Fanny's garden or parlors. Necessarily Elizabeth and he were often left alone, and it was a noticeable thing that after the first two weeks of their acquaintance they found nothing to dispute about in their interviews. Elizabeth sat quietly rocking and pretending to sew, and John watched her and pretended to read.

Sometimes they glanced at each other, sometimes they said a few words, but John was really gaining a silent victory. Then there would be days in which Elizabeth rebelled against this growing power over her, and at such times she resolutely refused to leave her own room; but such struggles only left her more weak and impressionable. John conquered by his absence as surely as by his presence.

The first really hot weather had sent the Danverses out to their country home—an old stone house among great pine woods—and John spent most of his time with them. But not one word of love did he say during those charmed weeks of hot summer-tide. They wandered through the pines, and played with the baby, and sailed down the river in the cool mornings and the moonlight nights, and John said nothing beyond the pleasant, courteous words of an intimate acquaintance. In those days Elizabeth was often very weary. "I must wear my mask," she thought; "he must not know how really weak and tender I am. Once! ah! once— But what did it bring me? *Contempt.* If women show they have a heart, they invite a betrayer."

It was the last day of August, and Elizabeth was to return to England early in September. It had been a still, hot, exhausting day. Fanny had a bad headache, John was in the city, and Elizabeth was slowly walking her little namesake to sleep in the darkening parlor. By-and-by John came home, and sat down. Elizabeth smiled faintly at him, and continued her monotonous walk and lullaby. John followed her every movement. Then the child was asleep, and she was leaving the room.

He stood before her, all his soul in his face. "You will come back, Elizabeth? I want to speak to you."

It was the first time he had ever called her Elizabeth. She knew what he wanted to say, and yet she answered, almost in a whisper, "I will come back."

He was awaiting her return with the greatest impatience. Now that he could no longer withhold speech, he was eager for his opportunity. He met her as she entered, and drawing her passionately toward him, said: "Oh, Elizabeth, you must not leave me now. I have loved you, darling, loved you and sought you, for eleven years."

"Oh, John, I love you too! But you must know the truth: I have loved some one else the greater part of those eleven years—some one who basely won my childish heart, and then left me to such hopeless misery as makes me tremble yet to think of. I was a simple, loving, romantic soul, and he thought it but a holiday to take all the glory out of my life, and all the trust out of my heart."

"Are you sure of that, darling?"

"Quite sure. He left me in Rome one 1st of November; I never saw him again, and he never wrote me a line."

"He was killed three days afterward, dearest, in a pass of the Apennines. There was a long letter to you in his pocket, but it was unfinished and had no address. I have it here. Will you read it?"

"No, no, John; it is too late now. You knew Stephen?"

"He was my dearest friend. We were travelling together. I knew that he was deeply in love with a young English girl, but he was very secret and jealous about this matter. I did not care to irritate him with questions, for he regarded the subject as too sacred a one for common conversation. Sooner or later I was sure he would give me his confidence. Alas! he had only strength after he was stabbed to whisper some words which were quite inaudible, and explained nothing. The brigands who had attacked us suffered me to redeem my friend's body and my own life, and I kept as a sacred trust and relic the letter he had intended for you, and your picture. The lovely face gradually became a dream and a hope to me; I sought you all over Europe; I have not found you now only to lose you, have I, Elizabeth?"

She answered at first by a passion of tears and sobs. It was a gracious rain, and washed away all the sense of wrong that had imbittered so many years. It was just, also, that she should first give this tribute to the memory of a lost and wronged love. John understood the feeling, and shared it. After all, it was a short sorrow, from which was to spring for them long years of confident joy.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

In parting with its honored and illustrious General, under the law of retirement for age, the army is fortunate in being able to call to its head so distinguished a successor as Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan.

As this officer, in the prime of manhood, now reaches the highest prize open to the soldier's profession in America, a backward glance will naturally be cast upon his career with a view to anticipate his probable conduct in his new position. Is that dashing soldiership, it has been asked, which gave Sheridan his laurels, compatible with the cautious, wise stability needed at the head of the army? It might be briefly answered that the impetuosity of youth not infrequently becomes steadiness in the veteran of fifty; but the true response is that Sheridan was never a mere *beau sabreur*. The quality which made him a popular hero was fiery energy on the field; the qualities which have brought him to his present exalted place are stanchness, acumen, and great prudence, combined with whatever other qualities are necessary for a general officer. This his history will show.

In the first stages of the civil war Captain Sheridan was Curtis's quartermaster, somewhere out in Missouri, and one muses what his subsequent career might have been save for a lucky disagreement that left him idle, and free to become the Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. As Colonel his conduct during Elliott's raid upon Booneville, in May, 1862, led to his command of the brigade; and a month later his fight at the same point elicited this encomium from Rosecrans: "The coolness, determination, and fearless gallantry displayed by Colonel Sheridan, and the officers and men of his command, in this action, deserve the thanks and admiration of the army." At Perryville, the ensuing October, he distinguished himself for good judgment and wariness. But it was in the subsequent fierce three days' engagement among the cedar brakes of Stone River, which saw the old year out and the new year in, that Sheridan first clearly exhibited his tactical skill in the stress of battle, and his splendid steadfastness. "For hours," says one historian, "he held the Confederates at bay—hours precious, priceless, wrenched from fate and an exultant foe by the skill and courage of this officer, and bought by the blood of his valiant men. All to his right had gone like sea-weeds torn by waves from jutting crags; but the swelling surges dashed in vain against the rock-like resistance of this division. He had lost Sill in the first onset; he now lost Roberts, soon afterward Shaeffer—all his brigade commanders killed. He had lost 1796 men; and with the cost of their heroic blood had won three hours, which Rosecrans had been using to the best advantage. 'Here is all that are left,' said he, sadly, as he joined his chief." At Chickamauga Sheridan offered a like stubborn front to the enemy's fury; there fell another brigade commander, the lamented Lytle. In the ever-memorable storming of Missionary Ridge—that famous battle in which the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland forced their way to the foot of the ridge by the orders of the General commanding, and then swept over its summit "by their own"—it was "the centre of Sheridan's division," General Cist tells us, that "reached the top first, as they were nearest the crest," instantly seconded by the whole line, breaking almost simultaneously all over the heights. Such was the climax of Sheridan's career at the West.

Halleck, who is entitled to the credit of having commended Captain Sheridan, then at his head-quarters, to the Governor of Michigan, when that magistrate applied to him for an officer to command a cavalry regiment, now rendered another good service. For when General Grant, planning his Virginia campaign of 1864, spoke of his anxiety to find a suitable head for the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, "Why not take Sheridan?" suggested Halleck; and Grant answered, "The very man!" The result of this choice, made known from step to step throughout the campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox, is familiar history.

The combination of good soldiership and good fortune found in nearly all great military successes is visible in Sheridan's Virginia campaigns. Had not his troops confided in his skill, they could have safely trusted to his star; but they believed in both. Of his cavalry operations with the Army of the Potomac, and his conduct of the campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah, a distinguishing trait was the extreme precautions he invariably took to insure victory before willingly undertaking an operation. Few, if any, Union generals ever fought less at hap-hazard, or with more careful preliminary study, or accomplished greater results with less loss. Even when baffled by the enemy he had the art of putting a bold face on the situation, and of persuading others that, on the whole, the outcome had been success. "To most temperaments," writes a former staff officer, "disaster is disheartening, but it passes by General Sheridan as an eddy glides round a pier." Doubtless it is true of Sheridan, as of every other Union leader in the Virginia campaigns, that were he to conduct them again, with the light of present knowledge, he would here and there pursue a different course; but it can not be asserted that he has any manœuvres of rashness to regret, or that any conceivable change of method or fortune would have added to his present renown as a popular hero.

There is ground for believing that the career of Sheridan has not yet reached its climax. Meanwhile there can not fail to be wide-spread satisfaction in seeing at the head of the army one who rendered the country services so brilliant in its days of need, and perhaps also a certain feeling of confidence in the propitious influences that have hitherto attended his public career and crowned it with success.

G. E. Pond.

SUGAR-MAKING IN NEW JERSEY.

In this country we have been dependent for our supply of sugar almost absolutely upon sugar-cane, and as this requires long-continued heat to perfect its growth, our "Sugar States" have been only those on the Gulf of Mexico. We have been compelled to import the very great proportion of sugar needed for consumption; but there is much reason to believe that a change in this respect is speedily coming, and some are sufficiently sanguine to assert that the United States will within a limited number of years be able to export sugar, as well as to satisfy our own requirements.

All this is founded on the fact that now we can produce sugar with facility and with certainty from sorghum-cane as well as from sugar-cane; and inasmuch as the sorghum grows readily and successfully as far north as Indian corn can be depended on for a crop, it follows that our sugar States have suddenly become immensely increased in extent.

This it is which gives interest and importance to the sugar-making at Rio Grande; otherwise it would concern none but the owners; now it is really of national importance, and we will state briefly what we have seen, and confine ourselves entirely to what our personal observation has shown.

The Rio Grande Plantation is at the southern end of New Jersey, the company having bought a tract of 3000 acres, the lower border of which is within two miles of Cape May. The land, like most of that between Delaware Bay and the ocean, is level and sandy, being what a farmer would call of poor quality for making a crop. They had, however, learned that sorghum thrives well on land so poor as not to be desirable for the growth of corn, and they selected this particular region as being little liable to injury from early frosts.

They began the cultivation of sorghum on this land in 1880. The whole matter was new, much of their work was experimental, and their apparatus rough and imperfect in its operation; but they have made constant improvements, until now it is no longer an experiment; it is a sugar plantation and a sugar factory in full and successful operation. They planted in April and May of this year 975 acres in sorghum, the fields of it through which we rode extending about two and a half miles. Two varieties were employed, Early Amber and Orange, these two being the only ones of extent, though others were planted in small lots for trial. The Amber matures most quickly, and cutting was commenced about the middle of September, and most of this variety has been already cut and worked.

Chemical research has demonstrated within the last few years two points in relation to sorghum, and on these the great change of which we have spoken entirely depends: the cane must become *fully mature*, and it must be *worked promptly* after being cut. With these two conditions, sorghum yields sugar freely and richly; failing in them, it yields only syrup from which no sugar will crystallize. Here is the solution of the difficulty, and at Rio Grande we see the result of attention to the points mentioned. The cane is cut and hauled by mules on a narrow-gauge rail track to the mill, and crushed at once. All the operations at the mill are precisely like those for sugar-cane. The company claim several items as points of their own introduction, for which we believe they have, or hope to have, patents, but the fact remains that the juice of mature sorghum-cane will produce its sugar as readily and as surely as that of sugar-cane.

The sugar already made this year amounts to about 250,000 pounds; the molasses, over 40,000 gallons. Assuming that the remainder of the crop yields at the same rate, Rio Grande will sell in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 pounds. The wise legislation of New Jersey appropriates a grant of one cent a pound for sorghum sugar and one dollar a ton for sorghum-cane produced within the State.

THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The third annual tourney, given under the auspices of the United States National Lacrosse Association, which took place at the Polo Grounds in this city on October 27, developed the fact that our leading lacrosse clubs had made rapid progress in playing skill within the past year or two; in fact, no exhibition of lacrosse playing seen in the United States at the hands of American club teams has ever equalled in excellence of team-work, as well as of individual effort, that which marked this tourney. The prize for which the contesting teams struggled was the Oelrich Challenge Cup, the emblem of the Association championship. This was won by the New York Lacrosse Club in the tourney of 1881, but in 1882 the Harvard College Club won it. On this last occasion—the tourney of 1883—the New York Club regained possession of it, but not without a more exciting series of contests with stronger opponents than the victorious team had previously encountered in the same arena. The tourney contestants this time included the club twelves of New York and Baltimore, and the college twelves of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the New York University. The first match brought together the Yale and New York University teams, and the former won easily by the appended score: Goals scored—Yale, 2; New York University, 0. Goals taken—by Spencer, 1, in 5 minutes; McHenry, 1, in 2 minutes. Referee, F. S. Wheeler, of the New York Club.

The second match introduced the team of the Druid Club, of Baltimore, and the Harvard team, the latter having the week before defeated the local rivals, the Unions, of Boston. This encounter proved to be a surprise in its result, as the Druids played in very strong form, and easily defeated their college opponents by the following score: Goals scored—Druid, 3; Harvard, 1. Goals taken—by W. B. D. Penniman 1, in 5 minutes; Wreck 1, in 8 minutes; Ober 1, in 8 minutes; Woods 1, in 7 minutes. Referee, J. R. Flannery, of the New York Club.

The next match of the tourney was that between the Princeton and New York teams, and the collegians found their opponents to be a far superior team to the New York twelve they defeated at the tourney of 1882, as the appended score shows: Goals scored—New York, 4; Princeton, 0. Goals taken—by Ritchie 2, in 5 minutes and in 4 minutes; Burns 1, in 7 minutes; McCaffrey 1, in 3 minutes. Referee, R. R. Brown, of Baltimore.

The six teams having now faced each other in the first round, the second series of matches was begun; and as Yale drew a bye, the Druids were called upon to face the New York twelve. The result of the contest was a victory for the New York team by a score of two goals to one, Ritchie capturing the first goal for New York and Flannery the second, Wreck taking the single goal for the Druids. This left the final contest for the cup between the New York and Yale teams, and the latter entered the field after an hour's rest, while the New-Yorkers had to play their third game in succession with but ten minutes' breathing-spell between each contest. This is the game taken as the subject of our illustration. It proved to be the closest contest of the tourney, the Yales making a gallant struggle for success against their more experienced opponents. The result of the match was the success of the New-Yorkers by the appended score: Goals scored—New York, 2; Yale, 0. Goals taken—By Ritchie, 2. Time of goals—first, 27 minutes; second, 4 minutes. Referee, Mr. R. R. Brown, of Baltimore.

MOOSE HUNTING.

The time is close at hand when the moose will become extinct. Pursued at all seasons of the year by roving Indians and hunter tramps, to say nothing of the common ruck of sportsmen, bulls, cows with young, and half-grown calves are killed indiscriminately at all seasons. These creatures are the largest of the deer family, measuring, when full grown, five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and weighing twelve hundred pounds or more. They have a coarse, erect mane, while under the throat dangles a long tuft of hair. Animals indigenous to these high latitudes usually assume a white fur during the winter months; that on the moose, on the contrary, becomes much darker in color. Their antlers are foliated and of immense weight and size, averaging six feet from tip to tip, and weighing upward of sixty pounds. These they shed in January. By the month of June they have again attained the normal size. Their fore-legs are so disproportionate in length as to seriously interfere with their grazing; consequently, when feeding upon grass, they will, if possible, pasture upon a slope. Their hind-feet are splayed, and furnished with long, loose, horny points, which rattle as they shamble along. Notwithstanding their awkwardness and great size, when alarmed they travel with astonishing speed, seemingly impossible in an animal crowned with such immense and weighty antlers. His head-gear, however, gives him, when in flight, less trouble than his legs. The head, carried so high as to prevent him from seeing the ground directly in his front, causes him to trip and stumble over the fallen trunks and branches which may lie in his path. The cow-moose is somewhat smaller than the male; her coat has a more reddish tinge. Early in life she gives birth to but one calf; as she advances in years the number is increased to two.

"Crusting" (or hunting with snow-shoes), "driving," "creeping," and "calling" are the various methods employed to hunt the moose. "Crusting" is the method employed when snow is upon the ground. It is, moreover, the most certain and deadly manner of killing the animal. Its great weight and the formation of its splayed hoofs render it comparatively helpless when attacked and pursued on the crust of the snow. At every step it breaks through the surface, cutting its legs, so that its tracks are marked by trails of blood. Even when taken at the disadvantage which "crusting" offers, a vigorous man on snow-shoes must put forth all his powers of endurance in order to overtake it, its enormous strength enabling it to flounder for a considerable distance at great speed. In consequence of the difficulty which the moose experience in travelling in the snow, they form during the winter season what are called "yards." Large numbers congregate together in the depth of the forest. The trampling of their feet soon beats down the deep snow. This forms a rampart all about them. As they move in a circle in feeding, this bank is always about them. The wolves hover on the edges, ready to pick up any discontented old bull which may be expelled by his companions. They know better than to enter the portals; in a moment they would be torn to pieces by the sharp hoofs of the moose.

In the spring and summer the moose frequent the edges of sedgy lakes and lagoons buried deep in the forest. In the waters of these they submerge themselves until only their heads are visible, in order to escape from the tormenting attacks of the black fly. Moreover, they find in these sheets of water aquatic plants on which they delight to feed. At this season they may be approached in canoes much more readily than in the forest.

More reprehensible still is the "calling" of moose; it is, however, above every other form of shooting, whether for large or small game, the most interesting and exciting. It is a shabby way, however; but no man, no matter who he may be, and how thoroughly equipped with the exalted sporting principle, can resist its most potent attractiveness. "Calling" is practiced during the rutting season. It consists in imitating the call of the cow-moose by means of a birch-bark cone. On a clear, still night the caller, armed with his trumpet, mounts to the top of a high tree. From his lofty perch he projects to a great distance in the still air of the night the bellow of the cow-moose. For a long time he repeats the call without a response. At last, in the far distance, the answering cry of the bull is heard. The caller now descends from the tree and joins the hunters at its base. The bull, in response to the call of the guide, approaches nearer and nearer. The success of the stratagem now depends entirely on the skill with which the caller imitates the low deep grunts of the cow. If he makes a single blunder, the male hesitates in his advance, takes alarm, and hurries off. If, on the contrary, his call is up to all the requirements of the occasion, the hunter is rewarded by the sight of a magnificent animal, his crest elevated, and great wreaths of vapor issuing from his distended nostrils. There is not a moment to lose. The hunter shoots at once. The animal lingers but an instant, for his instinct tells him that where he stands the cow-moose should be.

Gaston Fay.

COLORADO MINING LIFE.

When the snow has disappeared from the passes in the Colorado ranges, so that the mule trains can pick their way up the rocky defiles, the miners leave the comfortable log camp where they have spent the winter, and prepare to explore the higher regions in search of the precious metals. Pitching their tents on some desolate plateau where the indications are favorable, they proceed to "prospect," sometimes with success, but oftener with disappointment. Even a promising "find" may lead to nothing, and another winter may send the miners back to their log camps as poor as when they started out in the spring.

For weeks and perhaps months the miners remain in their mountain camps without news from the outside world, until the passes admit of travel by stage, when tourists invade the picturesque solitudes. The arrival of the first stage-load is always an occasion of great rejoicing and hilarity among the miners. It brings them intelligence from the great world from which they have been secluded, and newspapers weeks old are read with an eagerness of which we can have little conception, and for a few days serve to enliven an existence that is dreary and monotonous beyond comparison.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

According to a correspondent in London, there is considerable interest there in the question as to what shall be the reward of the Marquis of Lorne on his return from his five years' service as Governor-General of Canada. Commoners retiring from the office of Governor-General are usually made peers, and peers are advanced in rank. But Lord Lorne is a marquis, and is heir to a dukedom, and it would not be in accordance with custom to give him rank equal to that of his father. It was at one time thought that he would be made a Knight of the Garter, but one of the two vacancies at the disposal of the Queen has been given to the Duke of Argyll, and the other is not likely to be given to his son. There is ample precedent, however, for giving to the marquis a seat in the House of Lords under the present "courtesy title," a notable example being furnished in the case of the late Earl of Derby, who was created a Peer in Parliament under his courtesy title of Lord Stanley, while his father was yet living.

It was a North Carolina paper that entertained an especially kindly feeling toward a Democratic candidate because he "is not better-looking than the rest of us, and does not offend our self-love when we look at him." This confession, however, suggests no explanation of the Holman "boom." By common consent Mr. Dana is regarded as one of the handsomest men in the country.

It is fairly astonishing to see the immense crowds that every afternoon and evening fill the great Institute Hall to enjoy the beautiful and well-ordered Fifty-second Annual Exhibition of the American Institute, the largest and most interesting it has given for many years. Whether it is the delightful promenade, the magnificent display, or the fine music that attracts so many thousands it is difficult to say, but certain it is that the house is filled every night. There is something to interest everybody. The farmer will find new mowing-machines, reaping-machines, and all sorts of farm implements; the merchant, new conveniences for his counting-room and warehouse; the mechanic will find many evidences of the skill of his companions; the manufacturer can examine the goods his competitor is making; the good housekeeper will discover on every side house ornaments and home comforts for the parlor, the kitchen, and the chamber; and the sprightly young damsels and happy young wives will find any number of beautiful articles to please their eyes and to bother their lovers and husbands for.

It is said that the name of the Bag o' Nails Inn, in London, was a puzzle to everybody till an antiquary renovated one of the old signs, and discovered that Bag o' Nails was a corruption of Bacchanals.

Some of the wealthy patrons of the opera in this city take their valets along to stand guard at the box doors, and to make the applause for the party. But it will be a long time before the man-servant will be trusted to go out between acts and procure the clove for the head of the family.

The difference between a farmer and a planter has been explained by a Southern newspaper, after nearly twenty years' patient and magnanimous waiting on the part of the victorious North. A farmer raises diversified crops, while a planter cultivates cotton or sugar chiefly.

The Episcopal Convention in Philadelphia having inserted the word *flood* in the prayer for deliverance from evils, a Western man desires to have an extra session called in order that *cyclone* may be included also.

The *Saw-Mill Gazette* is a new paper which has hope of being considered worthy to be filed.

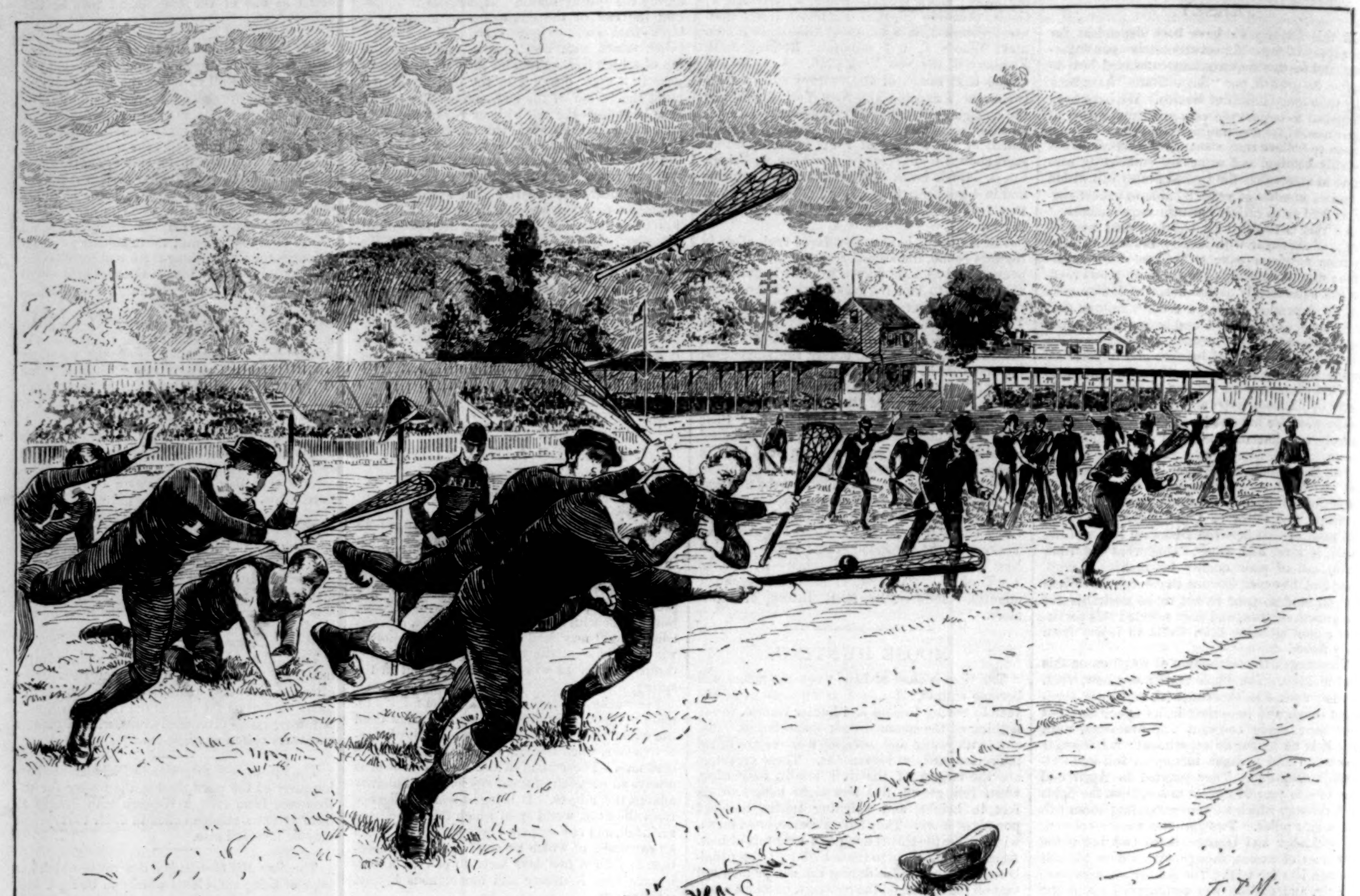
American aptitude for finding short names for things that must be often mentioned has already provided the designation "seventy-five time" for the new standard of this longitude, which is the time of the seventy-fifth meridian.

Men should be too broad, liberal, and sensible to entertain intense hatreds, says a Kansas paper, "for they always result in misery—and occasionally in shooting."

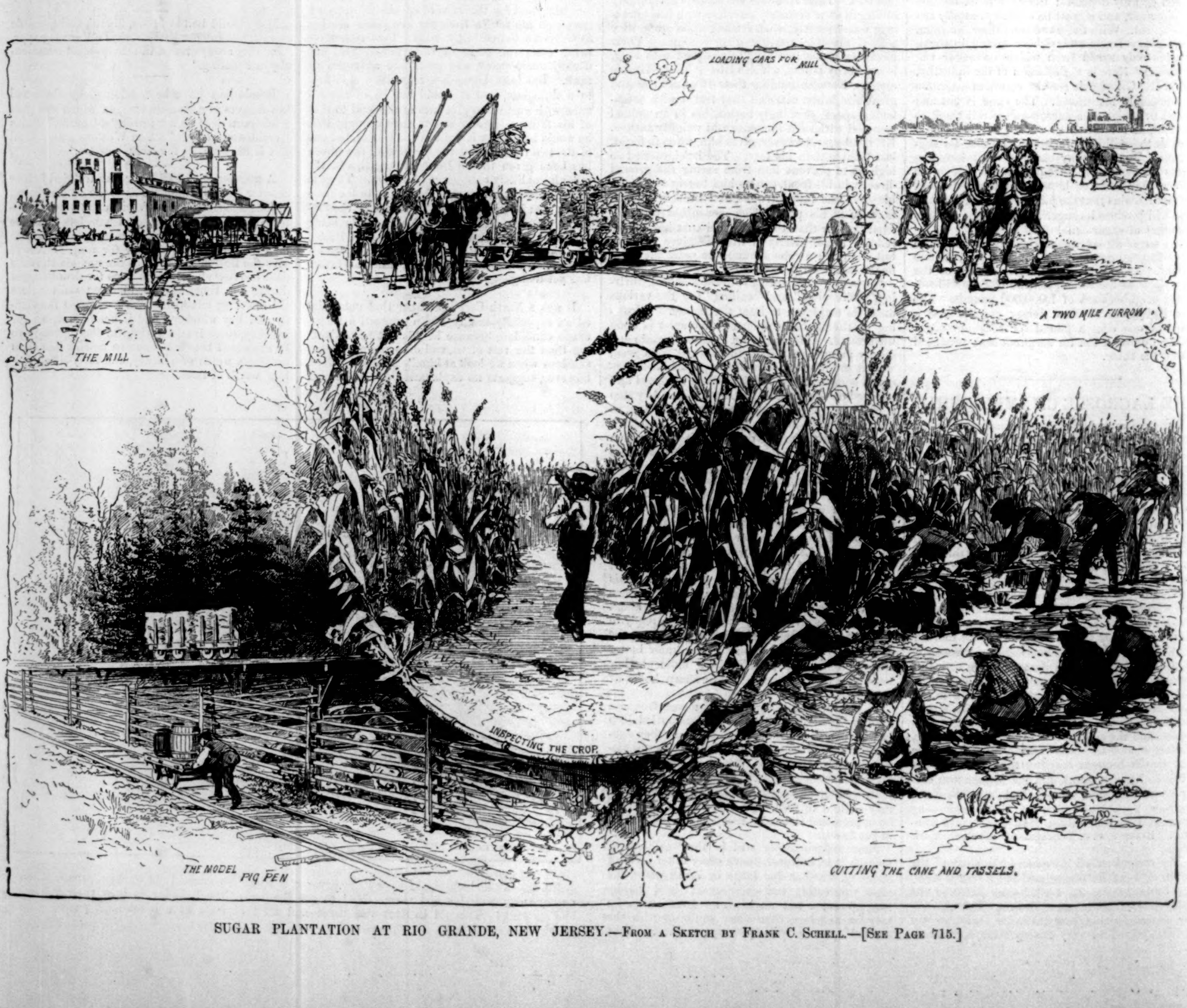
Resolutions have been adopted by the local law-makers in a Kansas town in which the goat is characterized as a "terror," a "curse," and a "ruthless destroyer." The Western goat's fatal gift is his appetite for circus posters.

A gentleman of Fall River who testified before Senator Blair's committee as to the cost of living in Massachusetts succeeded in attracting the attention of mathematicians. He declared that he earned only a hundred dollars last year, of which he paid seventy-two dollars for rent. "Now," says the Boston *Herald*, "as the records show he paid forty-seven dollars in fines for drunkenness during the time, he had nineteen dollars less than nothing left with which to support his family and buy whiskey; and if he spent it all for whiskey, there is still a frightful disproportion to be explained between nineteen dollars less than nothing's worth of whiskey, and forty-seven dollars' worth of fines."

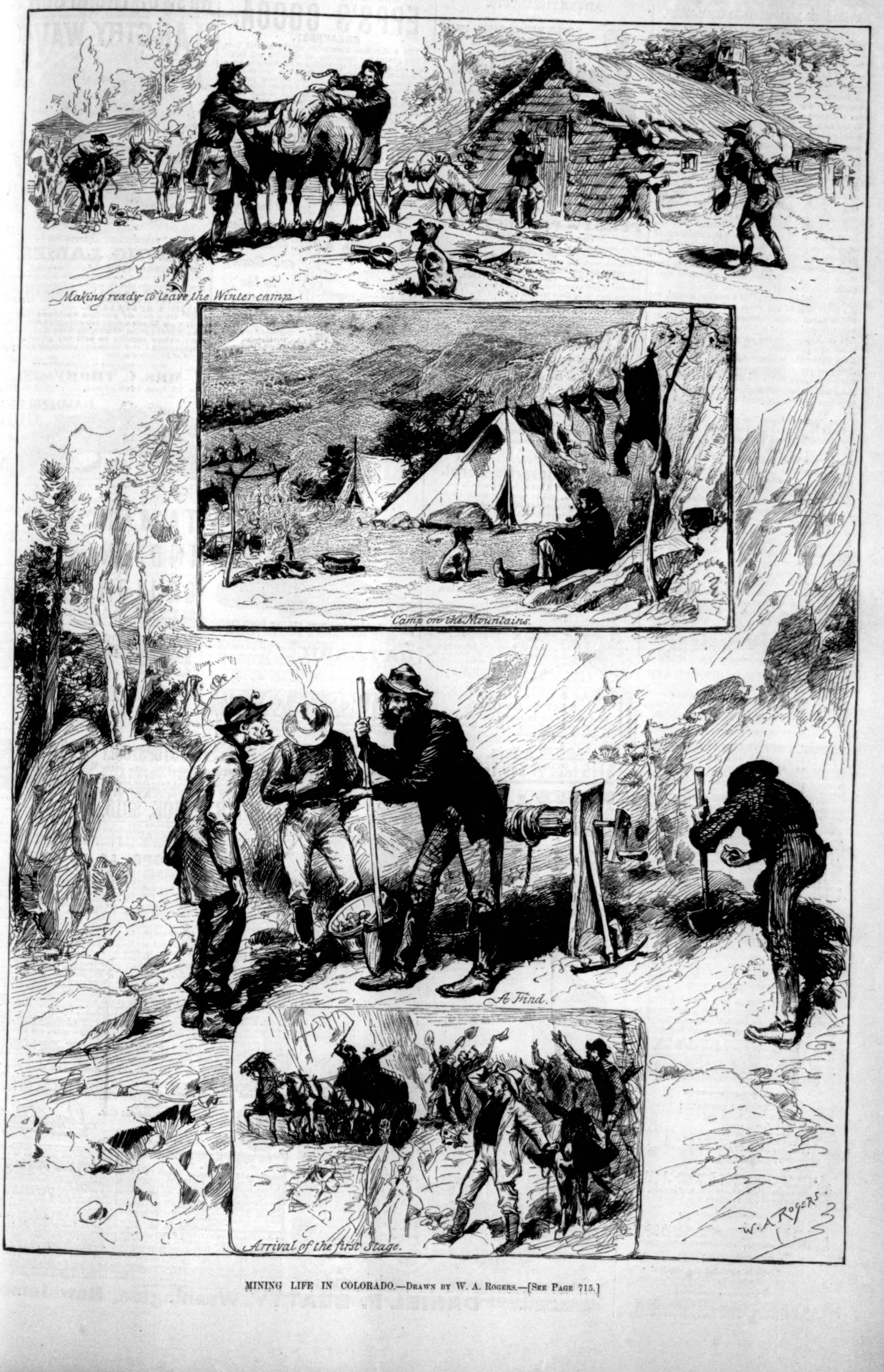
No. 8.—As ill luck would have it, however, a genuine fox crossed old Perkyns's path when out one day with his dog team. My! to see the joy of the hounds; to hear their yelping and barking! The old instinct was there, and off they went at a break-neck pace across country!



THE AMATEUR LACROSSE TOURNAMENT AT THE POLO GROUNDS—FINAL GAME BETWEEN THE YALE AND NEW YORK CLUBS.
Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 715.]



SUGAR PLANTATION AT RIO GRANDE, NEW JERSEY.—From a Sketch by Frank C. Schell.—[See Page 715.]



MINING LIFE IN COLORADO.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

THE YELLOWSTONE GEYSERS.

The geysers of Iceland and New Zealand, wonderful as they are, sink into insignificance when brought into comparison with those of the Yellowstone. None to equal these, either in variety or size, have been found in any other part of the globe.

These magnificent geysers were visited last summer by our artist, Mr. J. W. ALEXANDER, and the picturesque results of his sketches are given in the series of illustrations on page 713. They belong to the upper basin, where the phenomena attending their eruptions are more remarkable than those of the geysers of the lower basin. Prominent among these geysers is one which has received the prosaic name of "Old Faithful," from the regularity of its eruptions. At intervals of about an hour it throws a column six feet in diameter to the height of one hundred and thirty feet, holding it up by a succession of spoutings from four to six minutes. On the subsidence of the eruption the water sinks out of sight within the basin from which it springs. The crater is a conical mound about twelve feet in height, and measuring fifty-four by twenty feet at the top. The eruption makes a splendid spectacle.

The "Bee-hive Geyser" is a smaller mound, on the other side of the river, and when in action, which takes place once in about twenty-four hours, it sends up a column of water about three feet in diameter to the enormous height of two hundred and nineteen feet. The eruption lasts from fifteen to eighteen minutes. Dr. HAYDEN describes the column as assuming a fan shape toward the top, and says that, during the eruptions which he witnessed, it was resolved into fine spray, which appeared to evaporate as soon as formed.

The "Grand Geyser" is one of the most powerful in the basin. Each eruption is announced by a rumbling and a trembling of the ground, followed by a column of steam. Then the water bursts forth in a succession of jets, which rise to the height of from one hundred and seventy to two hundred feet, while the white cloud of steam floats upward for a thousand feet or more. The eruptions take place at intervals of about twenty-three hours, and last about twenty minutes.

The "Giant Geyser" has a ragged, irregular crater, shaped somewhat like a broken horn. It is eccentric in its habits, not keeping regular intervals, but spouting away at its own sweet will, sometimes throwing water to the height of one hundred and forty feet, and sometimes to a much greater elevation, sometimes giving a grand display for hours, and again shutting down after spouting for a few minutes only.

The surface of the earth all around the geysers is covered with a white deposit, which at a distance resembles snow, and which gives a wintry effect to Mr. ALEXANDER's sketches.

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FOR ALCOHOLISM.

DR. J. S. HULLMAN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."—[*Adv.*]

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Mrs. A. N. VAN BUREN of Marion Avenue, Fordham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

Dr. TOBIAS,—I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless. C. H. GALLAGHER,
Brooklyn, April 21, 1883. 995 DeKalb Ave.

FROM THE REV. DR. FEIGL.
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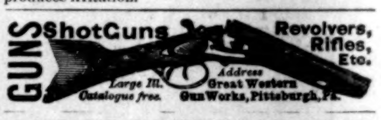

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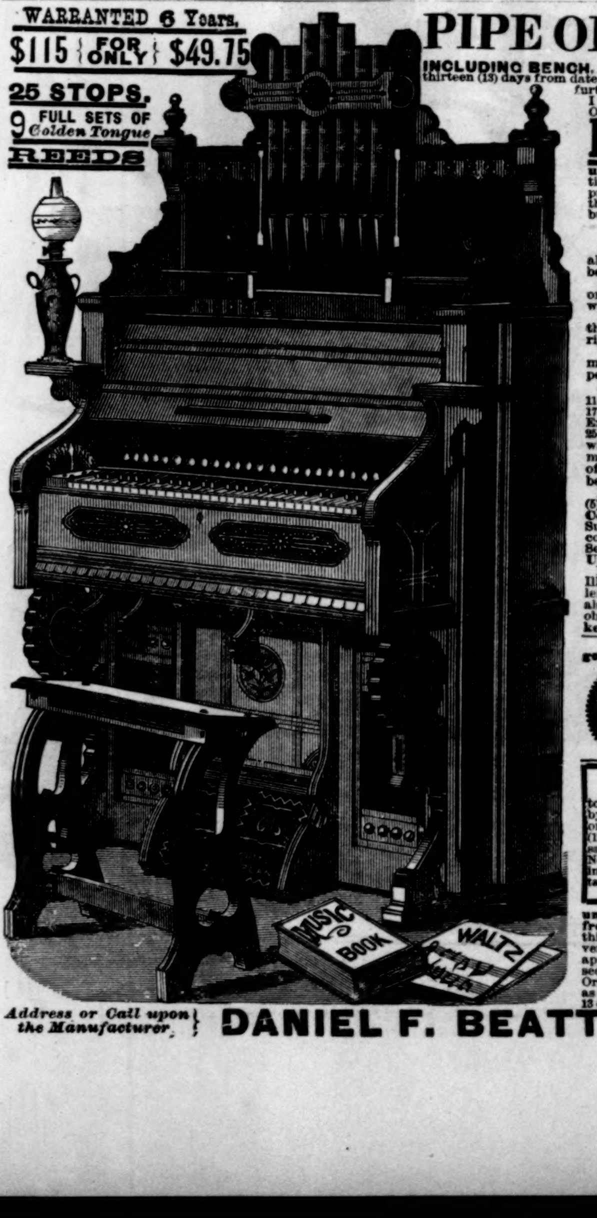

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